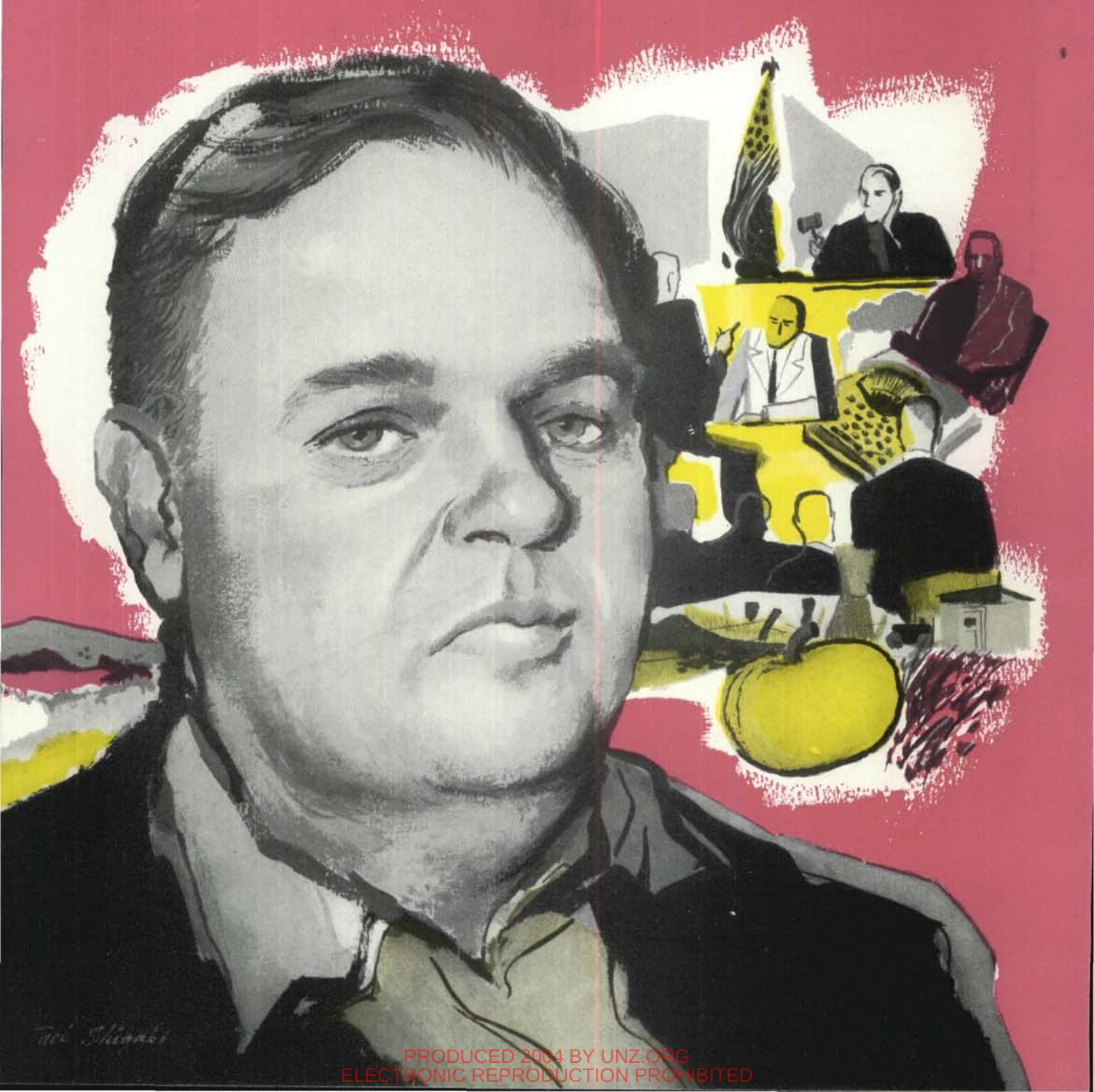
Stevenson—the Reluctant Candidate (page 18)

The Reporter

July 8, 1952 25c

'The Case' of Whittaker Chambers



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The Way of a Candidate Is Hard (to Beat)

Coolidge, man from Vermont's broad prairies; Al Smith, strong party man; Taft, muscular son of toil; Kefauver goes Pogo

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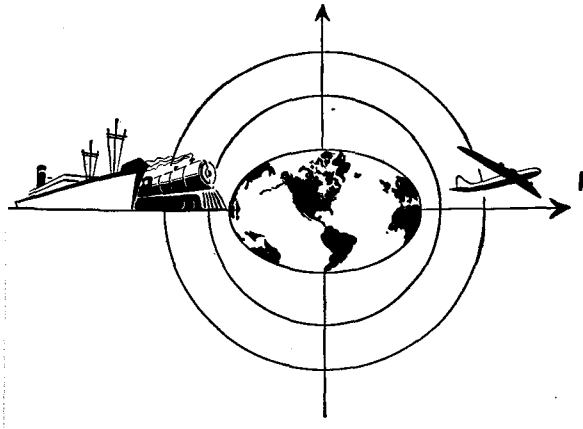

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Why, Oh Why?

When a pre-nomination campaign gets really hot a few weeks before the party convention, a Presidential aspirant—any Presidential aspirant—is likely to do and say things that bear very little resemblance to anything he has done or said before. His advisers tell him that he has to simplify issues to the utmost, that the taste of the public is quite primitive and its level of political intelligence not so high. Give them hell, Ike (or Harry)! Attaboy! He must make some striking statement on what the country needs: a $40-billion reduction in government expenditures, for instance.

This is the ordeal of the candidate, and there may be some reason in this madness. The choice of leaders is always a cumbersome matter. Before a man is admitted to the semifinal and then to the final contest, he must be willing to undergo a few hard examinations. They cannot be tests in poetry and philosophy, as the ancient Chinese used to give before admitting a man to public office. To prove his fitness to hold the Presidency, a man must exhibit an extraordinary number of attitudes that have little or no relation to the skills that will be demanded of him if he gets the job.

To show that he is a statesman, the candidate must prove that he is good at rabble rousing. Evidence of his capacity for mature judgment is given by his knack for improvisation in press conferences or television round tables. Above all, the candidate for the highest office must let his host of advisers remold his public personality. Sometimes the making of a public personality seems to be the unmaking of a man.

It also happens that sometimes the men who have the strongest and most universally acknowledged qualifications for the Presidency try to avoid until the last possible moment undergoing the ordeals of aspirant-nominees. This was General Eisenhower's attitude as long as he was in Europe, and is still the attitude of Adlai Stevenson, who still shields himself behind the governorship of his beloved State of Illinois.

Anyway, it can certainly be said that the standing of our Presidents in the nation's history has little or no relation to the promises they made as candidates.

One may wonder whether there is not something different in our days, something that the politicians, who as a rule are superstitious folk, refuse to acknowledge. There are the new means of mass communication, for instance—last and most important of all, television. The Abilene speech was attended by practically the whole nation. What we read in the papers the morning after such an event, the description of the show, the comments of the columnists and editorial writers, is very much like reading the review of a play one has seen on its opening night. This gives us a chance to judge the reviewers as well as the show. For all major political events, ours has become a nation of first nighters.

This has radically changed the relationship between the public on one side and the newspapermen and the professional politicians on the other. The politicians are no longer as free to get away with a sharp deal, for even the famous smoke that fills those famous rooms gets televised nowadays. One has only to think of the publicity that the Taft Republicans' steal of the Texas vote got. And certainly the Taft Republicans can, if they want to proceed with their ruthless determination to the bitter end, pack the convention and get away with it—up to November.

Actually, it may soon turn out that the professional brokers between the candidates and the people—newspapermen and politicians—are facing some danger of technological unemployment unless they modernize their crafts. It may turn out, perhaps even in these elections, that the best thing a candidate can do for his own good is not to show himself always frantically on the move, not to appear too frequently on the television screen, but rather reserve himself for forceful, thought-out declarations of his principles and of his program. There may also be room in our days for a few earnest debates among the major protagonists, each facing the other as Lincoln and Douglas did—this time with the whole nation in attendance.

Politicians, however, are not likely to realize soon the opportunities offered by the new means of communication. They do not seem much aware of the public's new power. They follow their set ways, like voodoo practitioners in the age of penicillin. And if a good man happens to come their way, they certainly stop at nothing until they have convinced him that he had better conform—or else.

Recently, Eisenhower showed something of his mettle when he refused to deliver to his listeners the canned wisdom that his advisers had prepared for him. It was an excellent decision that we sincerely hope can be considered only a beginning.

Eisenhower has been the favored candidate of a very large number of Americans—ourselves among them—who, deeply worried by the menace of

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international Communism these days, did not want to take chances with national security. He was the candidate of all those who consider a change of Administration something that a continuation of the two-party system requires and who want to have the present foreign policy of the nation energized, not wrecked. Finally, Eisenhower was the man who represented better than anyone else the militant faith in that interlocking system of alliances centered on our nation and on which the cause of peace depends.

ALL this means that we, as well as many other people who have confidence in Eisenhower, have been rather startled by some of his recent declarations. We cannot understand that $40-billion business, or some of the things he said about his relationship with his late commander in chief. Unquestionably he is having an exceptionally hard time. But we have not yet heard from him anything carrying that fullness of conviction, that sense of responsibility toward the free world that gave such impact to his London speech a year ago. Of course he is still the same man, but the more we see and hear him, the more we feel that we have lost touch with him.

Free Promotion

We are glad to report to our readers that our articles on the China Lobby are to be found reprinted in the Congressional Record dated Friday, June 6. Indeed, they can also read there a series of articles from a back issue of *The Reporter* (January 3, 1950) on Red China. We must admit that our stuff still provides good reading even when it is reprinted without the benefit of art work. *The Reporter* is a magazine that keeps.

The insertion in the Congressional Record—a rather large printing job at the taxpayers' expense—is due to the kindness of Senator Harry P. Cain (R., Washington).

In rendering this unsolicited service to us, Senator Cain's aim is to show what his colleague Joseph McCarthy would call the "singular affinity" between our criticisms of the Kuomintang and the Communist Party line. This is a very original thought. Of course, we would not be in this business if we did not like a good fight occasionally. But why do people who attack us make their own case so hard? Why don't they try to prove that we are wrong—which is quite possible on some of the positions we take—rather than bringing out this senseless Communist business?

As for Senator Cain, he is up for reelection this year. Last time he ran as a liberal, and Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon spoke in his behalf. This time, McCarthy will be on his side. People of the State of Washington, don't miss your chance. The people of Maine did not miss theirs when they retired Senator Brewster to private life.

Trip to China

Mrs. Pandit, sister of Indian Prime Minister Nehru, and former ambassadress in Washington, recently returned to New Delhi after a trip to China which she made as leader of one of those cultural junkets that the Communists invite, and even admit from time to time, from one or another of the independent nations they still hope to influence. The Indian mission, like all others we have ever heard of, was shepherded around to inspect Communist achievements—dams, for instance, built by forced labor; schools, hospitals, and so forth.

The fourteen members of the mission ranged ideologically from Right to Left, and the impressions they brought home were varied. Some thought that the evidence presented them as to U.N. use of germ warfare in Korea was sufficient to warrant investigation by a neutral commission; others thought that the Chinese were becoming increasingly tired of Communist regimentation; others thought that the Communist régime suffered from the old Chiang Kai-shek trouble of corruption. But the Indian mission agreed on two points: The Communist system is not suited to India; the Chinese people and the Mao Government are weary of the Korean War.

The Indian report on Chinese war weariness reminds us that the Chinese soldiers in Korea, and the Chinese at home who replenish the Korean armies with their sons, must by now be disappointed and frustrated human beings. These Chinese troops have been defeated; they admit that they are the victims of widespread disease—which they have desperately tried to blame on the United Nations; they face a bleak future. The more troops Mao sends to Korea, the greater the build-up—estimated now at almost a million men—the greater is the concentration in North Korea of enslaved and suffering human beings.

It is said that we are overextended, that the Communists are holding us committed to our disadvantage in Korea, and that this situation represents a continuing Communist strategic victory. But the reverse side of the coin is apparent: It is we who are holding almost a million Chinese closed in behind the unbreakable wall of our determination. That is the fact we must not forget. It is interesting to hear from the Indian mission that the Chinese people are increasingly and unpleasantly aware of this.

KEYNOTER

Old soldier, was it not the other day
You said in trembling tones you'd fade away?
How strange a fading, General, to become
Bugler to the Taftian fife and drum—
Blasting with quite unmilitary candor
The military, and your own commander.
How fine a picture, General, you make
Of eating—and of holding onto—cake!

AFTERTHOUGHT ON A KOJE KIDNAPING

Eeny, meeny, miney, Mao
Catch a General by the tao
If he hollers, let him gao
Eeny, meeny, miney, Mao.

—SEC

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CORRESPONDENCE

TWO VIEWS OF KRUPP

To the Editor: Re your editorial Note on Alfred Krupp ("Time Off for Good Behavior," *The Reporter,* June 10), apparently we deal here with a person who starved his foreign workers to death, who "systematically looted the equipment of rival firms in occupied countries," and who, to top it all off, is to receive "tens of millions of dollars" as compensation for machines and mines now in Soviet hands.

It is painful to read this sort of editorial, especially if it is printed in a magazine that usually deserves its claim of being a "Fortnightly of Facts and Ideas." First, the "pale man" Krupp (don't forget, six years in jail don't always improve your skin color) is here accused of acts some of which allegedly took place at a time when his father, Gustav Krupp, was still the head of the enterprise. Do you, as so many did before, attack the wrong person, in order to get at the Ruhr industry which he seems to symbolize?

Second, who, of all things, will pay the "tens of millions of dollars" as recompense for Krupp property now in Soviet hands? The United States government? The German Federal Republic?

Finally, would you care to indicate what evidence you possess for your contention that Krupp "systematically looted" rival industries in occupied areas? It would be embarrassing to have your researchers go through the voluminous transcripts of the Krupp trial, only to find that several minor plants were leased or bought in France and Holland, that some machinery was removed, mostly on direct order by the Army or the German Production Ministry, and that there was indeed nothing "systematic" in the alleged attempt to weaken the competitive industries outside Germany, because no such attempt was ever made by Krupp.

As you claim that Hitler was aware of how much he owed to Krupp—without bothering to indicate the reasons—it would, indeed, be difficult to understand why Krupp did *not* use his powerful position to do what *The Reporter* wants him to have done. To make your story stick, some more facts seem badly needed, and I would appreciate your presenting them.

This magazine would lose much of its present value if it chose to yield to the temptation of neglecting the truth, only to have its readers agree to its apparent biases. You may not like Krupp, the man or the name, but this sort of misrepresentation somehow fails to impress me.

F. W. SCHULENBURG
Cambridge, Massachusetts

To the Editor: Your comment on Alfred Krupp is a timely note on American policy in Germany as a whole. It is significant that the U.S. High Commissioner in Germany, John J. McCloy, returned Krupp to the possession of his munitions empire under the pious excuse that ". . . confiscation in this case constitutes discrimination against the defendant unjustified by any considerations attaching peculiarly to him . . ." and was "repugnant to American concepts of justice."

It probably was not repugnant to Mr. McCloy that the same Krupp used 512 Jewish girls from fifteen to twenty-five years of age for the heaviest work to be found in his Armor Rolling Mill 9 and that—an important fact which must have escaped you—he sent them to the Bergen-Belsen death camp to be murdered in cold blood when the men of the 507th U.S. Parachute Regiment reached Essen. Only three girls out of the 512 are alive today to tell the story, as I learned when I was a research analyst with the Krupp Trial Team at Nürnberg.

Of course, one could understand the release and reinstatement of Krupp if, for some reason of power politics, it helped our position in West Germany and in the cold war. However, all it does at the moment is to antagonize the millions of German workers in the Ruhr to whom the return of Krupp means the end of free labor unions. West Germany has made an amazing recovery without the personal help of war criminals such as Krupp et al., and does not stand to gain from their reinstatement. The only real beneficiaries of this move are the Communists on either side of the Iron Curtain who capitalize on this unfortunate act by telling their audience, "Remember? We told you so. . . ."

I'm sure you could run a most interesting series of articles on the reasons which compelled the *whole* Decartelization Branch of United States Military Government to resign rather than to carry out further a policy contrary to the best interests of the United States. It merely suffices to read the Ferguson Committee Report to the President, dated April 30, 1949, which contains this significant sentence: "U.S. occupation officials have failed to eradicate a single one of Germany's giant monopolies."

BERNARD B. FALL
Syracuse, New York

'AS TO THEIR FAITH . . .'

To the Editor: I have read with great interest the issues of *The Reporter* devoted to the China Lobby and the letters to the editors concerning that subject in the subsequent issues of your magazine. I think you might be interested in what Machiavelli had to say with regard to such groups as the China Lobby. The following quotation is taken from Chapter XXXI of the Second Book of *The Discourses:*

"It seems to me not amiss to speak here of the danger of trusting to the representations of men who have been expelled from their country. . . . As to their faith, we have to bear in mind that, whenever they can return to their country by other means than your assistance, they will abandon you and look to the other means, regardless of their promises to you. And as to their vain hopes and promises, such is their extreme desire to return to their homes that they naturally believe many things that are not true, and add many others on purpose; so that, with what they really believe and what they say they believe, they will fill you with hopes to that degree that if you attempt to act upon them you will incur a fruitless expense, or engage in an undertaking that will involve you in ruin."

PETER L. ALBRECHT
Cambridge, Massachusetts

JEFFERSON'S RETURN

To the Editor: Saul Padover's "A Brief Reappearance of Secretary Jefferson" (*The Reporter,* May 27) is good satire, but I very much fear that he errs in his final conclusion when he quotes Jefferson as saying, "Our thoughts live in the hearts of our countrymen." For if our countrymen had the spirit of Jefferson in their hearts there would be many new faces in Washington. The apathy of the American public is pitiful, and on the whole I am glad that Jefferson is dead. If he were alive I should feel impelled to visit him, and in this day I know that I'd have to visit one of the Federal penitentiaries.

LEVERNE HAMILTON
Thompson Falls, Montana

To the Editor: What I have always suspected, namely, that Jeemy Madison was not much without the incomparable Dolly, has been proved beyond doubt by the performance of your revived Mr. Madison. And I must say that I will have to go along with the majority of the Non-American Thoughts Committee in regarding the gentleman with a jaundiced eye.

The evidence to which I refer, of course, is the big-lie technique which Mr. Jefferson's attorney uses to squelch the justified suspicions of the committee majority. While Senate committeemen are not supposed to know that one Mr. Jackson kept the official journal of the Philadelphia Convention, Jeemy ought to have known that he could not get by so easily with the historians in claiming that he himself did the job. All he did was to keep his own notes, which the wonderful Dolly sold more than a century ago to the government for enough to provide for herself in her old age.

NORMAN L. PARKS
Nashville, Tennessee

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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THE REPORTER: Published every other Tuesday by Fortnightly Publishing Company, 220 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

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Entered as second class matter at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Subscription price, United States, Canada, and U. S. Possessions: One year $5; Two years $8; Three years $10. All other countries: One year $6; Two years $10; Three years $13. Please give four weeks' notice when changing your address, giving old and new address.

in this issue . . .

Wherever it spreads, over the world or in the human mind, Communism leaves deep marks—some of them probably indelible. In the opening article of this issue, Max Ascoli examines *Witness,* an influential, much-discussed book whose author broke away from the Communist Party. In the story that follows, Isaac Deutscher depicts the mental torture of an eastern European leader trapped by Communism. A third article shows something of what is being done and what we of the West can do by means of propaganda to free from the clutches of Communism the minds it now holds in iron slavery.

Isaac Deutscher, a historian who spent many years in eastern Europe, now writes from London. . . . **Konrad Kellen** is chief of the Information and Reference Department of Radio Free Europe. . . . **William H. Hessler** is on the staff of the Cincinnati *Enquirer.* . . . **David F. Cavers** teaches at the Harvard Law School. . . . **Robert Trumbull** covers India for the New York *Times.* . . . **Theodore H. White** is a European correspondent for this magazine. . . . **Mary McCarthy's** most recent book is *The Groves of Academe.* . . . **Elaine Tanner,** a Henry Fellow at Cambridge University last year, recently joined the staff of *The Reporter.* . . . **Robert L. Hatch** is a free-lance film critic. . . . **Major General H. W. Blakeley, USA Ret.,** commanded the 4th Infantry Division from mid-December, 1944, until after V.-E. Day.

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Lives and Deaths Of Whittaker Chambers

MAX ASCOLI

In writing *Witness,* Whittaker Chambers has opened the second round of what he calls "the Case." This may turn out to be a service to the nation if—and it is a very large if, in no way dependent on Chambers—"the Case" is thoroughly and fearlessly debated, if his testimony is examined and cross-examined, as that of any witness must be. So far, there has not been much evidence of this.

Yet this time we are not taken by surprise, buffeted by headlines, stirred up by revelations or lurid gossip. This time we have a huge book in front of us to read and to ponder. The adventures of Alger Hiss, as told by Whittaker Chambers, are meant to corroborate the indictment to which Mr. Chambers, in his own terminology, bears witness. This indictment is against the prevailing values of our democracy and against the leaders who guided our nation through the New Deal and the war.

These men stand accused of having worked for the victory of our deadly enemy, Communism, although only a fraction of them did so knowingly. "Thus men who sincerely abhorred the word Communism, in the pursuit of common ends found that they were unable to distinguish Communists from themselves, except that it was just the Communists who were likely to be most forthright and most dedicated in the common cause. This political color-blindness was all the more dogged because it was completely honest. For men who could not see that what they firmly believed was liberalism added up to socialism could scarcely be expected to see what added up to Communism."

The author brings forth his indictment not in a bill of particulars but through a detailed description of what he himself has done and seen throughout the whole range of his life. What happened to him is made to carry a message of universal and of immediate importance. The basic themes of his message are reiterated rather than explained, for the author, like other religious writers, relies on the habit-forming persuasiveness of reiteration.

Mr. Chambers's book must stand or fall on the validity of his indictment. It is not up to him to decide whether the religious message of his book has canonical virtue or is apocryphal. *Witness* cannot just be considered as a piece of literature or a contribution to the history of our times. We cannot put the book on the shelf, after having given the author an "A" as a story-teller, a "C" as a philosopher of contemporary history, and a "D" as a theologian. To do this is to exhibit at its weakest that facile liberalism which Chambers scorns.

The book is all of one piece. With artful and deliberate lack of discretion, the dismal, at times nightmarish life of this human being is exhibited to millions of Americans by the man who has had the hard luck to live it. For all its emphasis on religion, *Witness* is a political book and a major event in present-day American politics.

Chambers's is no isolated voice. For years it has been first whispered, then said, then yelled into all the microphones of the nation that an unspecified number of our national leaders have knowingly or unknowingly connived with the enemy. In creating these fears and apprehensions, no influence was greater than that of "the Case"—first round. Now all those who are prone to believe in the undefined, unspecified guilt of an Administration or of a generation will be heartened, for "the Case"—second round—has found the Book.

Motives and Justifications

In giving us the tale of his life, the author has set himself a number of different goals. He wants to denounce the Communist danger at home, to confess what his own role has been in the Communist conspiracy, to explain the queer halting course of his denunciation of Alger Hiss. He manages to give a justification for every instance where his behavior has been odd, as on the various occasions when he perjured himself. He wants to make of his past testimony in courts and in Congressional committees the evidence of his right to be a witness for his God.

Above all, he wants to get even with his enemies, as many another author of a religiously inspired book has done before him—Dante first of all, who, even from the height of the *Paradiso,* never stopped lashing out at those who had wronged him.

Scarcely anything that has been said against Chambers is left unchallenged or unanswered in this book. To those who questioned his sanity and searched for the peculiarities of his family background, he offers a clinical, detailed, sometimes lurid description of the traits that he inherited and the environment that shaped his youth. He

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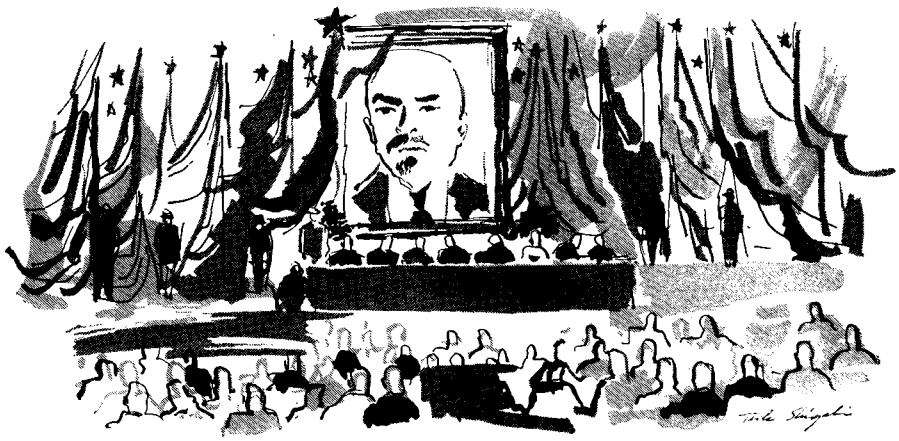

stretches himself on the couch, and tells the analysts—whom he hates en masse—all the things that they want to hear from him, and that fall into their set categories. Thus he reports how horrible he felt when, as a boy, he had to kill a chicken: "I tied the chicken's legs and hung it, head down, from a nail, and as quickly and as mercifully as I could, severed its head. The knife fell as if gravity had jerked it from my hand. Then I hid." He knows that some psychoanalysts will detect here the pattern of his behavior in later life. He dares them to.

Then he proceeds: "All right. As a man, I will kill. But I will kill always under duress, by an act of will, in knowing violation of myself, and always in rebellion against that necessity which I do not understand or agree to. Let me never kill unless I suffer that agony, for if I do not suffer it, I will be merely a murderer." This passage is characteristic of the whole book; the author lifts himself to the pulpit by the bootstraps of his public self-analysis.

It was in his childhood, he says, that he developed "a deep distrust of the human race." "I never had any real friends." "By degrees I told myself: I am an outcast. My family is outcast. We have no friends, no social ties, no church, no organization that we claim and that claims us, no community. We could scarcely be more foreign in China than in our alienation from the life around us."

There is a ring of unquestionable truth in this description of his squalid childhood. For Chambers, schooling — the process of formal learning — never became an education. According to his own record, he never acquired that modesty, that patience in comparing his ideas and feelings with those of other men before him and around him, which is education. All his life he has remained somewhat unrelated and lonely. For him the only way of communicating and perhaps of grasping ideas is by inflating to enormous proportions the accidents of his life.

In his youth he was an omnivorous reader. But of all the books he read the only one that made a dent on him was *Les Misérables* by Victor Hugo, that writer who created gigantic figures—all reeking of ham.

The Reader's Burden

There are pages of *Witness* that cannot be read without a sense of horror, pages describing things that happened to the author which the reader wishes he had never read, for such things should not happen to any human being. This is the case, for instance, in that scene where, in Chambers's house one night, his father beat and nearly killed his brother, until Chambers grappled with his father. Toward the end of the book, his description of his last attempt at suicide—when the Hiss case was reaching its climax—does not spare us any detail: Chambers lying in bed, breathing the poisonous fumes, the pictures of his children, one in each hand, and the letters on the table to be read after he is dead. But he has to tell the reader about the contents of these letters.

There seems to be no reason why millions of Americans should be made privy to such wretchedness—unless it be that although reading Chambers is no pleasure, being Chambers must be incomparably worse. The author knows this, and uses it to the hilt.

Invariably, society is made responsible for all the gruesome things that happened—such as the suicide of the author's brother. With the crude precision of a case history, all the details are given of this unfortunate man's drift toward death—for no force could stop him. Yet when at last he frees himself from what little life is left in him, the author says, "Such fortitude and such finality are like a smile before a firing squad."

His Private World

In all his leaps from the episodic to the universal, from occurrences to ideas, Chambers seems to have a rather personal and peculiar notion of ideas that is unrelated to their socially established meaning.

Such is the case with his concept of history, which he obviously borrows from Marxism. The words "history" and "historical" appear with extraordinary frequency in the book, often several times on one page. Invariably "history" means necessity—a superhuman power that makes men act, and on which human will cannot exert much of an influence. To Chambers, history is not something that men make and for which they have a share of responsibility. The "logic of history" told Chambers that Communism was the only way out for the twentieth century. The man who leaves Communism finds "himself facing the crisis of history." The party has a "historical purpose," is manned by that "modern secular secret order which has dedicated its life and its death to initiating a new phase of history for mankind." It is, of course, the party that has to "solve the immensely complicated problems of revolutionary struggle posed by history in our age." "The motive forces of history conspire unknowably." The first paragraph of the same page starts, "History was moving torrentially," and he adds three lines later, "the historic crisis . . . reached a new crest." He means that the Second World War was starting.

History, according to Chambers, moves in one direction: toward Communism. Communism "is the central experience of the first half of the 20th century." It gives men "a reason to live and a reason to die."

This insistence on men dying for their faith runs through the book. There seems to be no higher criterion

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for either a man or a faith. Twice he quotes his assertion, made on a broadcast, that he still shares with Alger Hiss "the conviction that life is not worth living for which a man is not prepared to dare all and die at any moment." According to Chambers, a well-spent life seems to be a form of staggered suicide.

This is a peculiar attitude, since there has seldom been an absurd cause for which men have not been ready to die. Among those who are at all times ready to die can be found many whose lives aren't worth living. For the hard business of living is ordinarily one of paying for what we do with a different coin from that of our life—coins called work or success. Chambers has remained a frustrated Kamikaze—first in the cause of Communism, then in that of anti-Communism.

Non-Omnipotent God

Even what Chambers calls Communism bears little resemblance to what is generally known by this name. Communism, he says repeatedly, is based on faith in Man. Communism as previously known is based on faith neither in Man nor in Men, but in a total subjection to a merciless, undeviating history. Indeed, it is the mystical, irrevocable character of this subjection that has made many people reject their Communist allegiance.

Actually, Chambers, who is obsessed with the idea of Communism, underestimates its danger, for he sees it acting primarily as an underground conspiracy. But the tragedy of our time is that there are millions of men who embrace Communism to free themselves from some of the ills that torture them —and thus are enslaved. Not the spy or the secret agent, but the professional agitator, skillful in finding his work wherever there is human suffering, and in creating human suffering, represents the major threat to our society.

Chambers talks of God. Indeed, he has dedicated his life to God. God has spoken to him at least once. It was one day when he was coming down the stairs in his Mount Royal Terrace house in Baltimore. "As I stepped down into the dark hall, I found myself stopped, not by a constraint, but by a hush of my whole being. In this organic hush, a voice said with perfect distinctness: 'If you will fight for freedom, all will be well with you.' "

This sounds like one of those compacts which the first Patriarchs entered. But it is difficult to see how Chambers's god can keep his part of the compact, for he is a horribly weakened god, abandoned by large masses of men who have gone to the other side—the side which Chambers maintains is winning. There is not much hope to be found in this book that the trend may be reversed and that the attempt to stop Communism can be anything but a suicidal foray on the advancing conquerors. Yet, through Chambers, this god asks for the tribute of men ready to die. This mortally wounded Moloch is not the God of the Judeo-Christian faith.

In the whole book, Christ is hardly if ever mentioned, although the verbiage of Christian ethics and Christian charity is largely used. But the person as well as the meaning of Christ are not to be found anywhere—the respect for the human person that the Christian faiths consider sacred because Christ accepted human shape.

For it is true that the struggle of our time is a religious one: a struggle where various Molochs (called Communism or nationalism) stand against men's will to rule themselves and to maintain their communion with God through many churches or through no church—as Christ told the Samaritan woman. This faith in the human person, always meshed into politics yet somehow independent of it, has become the faith of our civilization, East and West, and is shared by hundreds of millions of baptized and unbaptized people.

It is faith in freedom. This unfortunate man Chambers has extremely vague notions of freedom. He says, "freedom is a need of the soul, and nothing else." He does not know how freedom is organized and released, or what a system of law is, or how laws exert their checks on men's instincts. Indeed, not only the democracy of the New Deal but the idea of political freedom is alien to him.

Vacation from History

One night, when he was about to leave the Communist Party, he says, ". . . I faced the fact that, if Communism were evil, I could no longer serve it, and that that was true regardless of the fact that there might be nothing else to serve, that the alternative was a void." It was not just on that one night that he faced the void which his education had not filled and which Communism could not cover up. What that void means is no values, no purpose, no design, no faith in life. The Russians have a word for it: nihilism.

There is so little hope left in Whittaker Chambers that whatever happens in his favor seems to him a freakish reprieve from doom. Chambers has no qualms about aligning himself with whatever institution or interests Communism fights. And why should he? Whatever Communism attacks is not destined to live long.

Nihilism, in his case and in that of some other former Communists, is what remains of the Marxist conception of history in the minds of men who still adhere to it but no longer want to be its agents. Since he refuses to be the tool of the inevitable, the nihilist enjoys a vacation from history. He can get a free ride on any forlorn counterattack against the inevitable.

Yet this unfortunate, lonely man is now offering millions of Americans the opportunity to relive, through his book,

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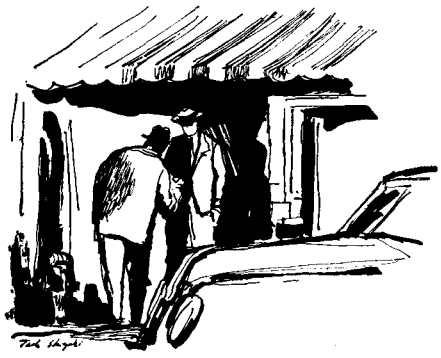


his own life. Thanks to his profession and his native gift, he has acquired a remarkable power of communication. But what he can communicate is, above all, his nihilism, the lonely experience of his own self, of a man never entirely identified with anything, either Communism or God, and forced to replace all these accepted standards of value with his own homemade substitutes. He communicates to his fellow citizens universal distrust of their leaders, not a promise of salvation. But he does impart to them that thorough despair for which only the iron discipline of Communism can be a cure.

Other former Communists had already advanced the Rasputin-like theory that to fight Communism, which is the evil of our times, one must have been a practitioner of evil. But no one had ever gone as far as Whittaker Chambers. He still boasts of his attachment to some of the most typical Communist values. He even makes a plea for his onetime profession, spying: "Like the soldier, the spy stakes his freedom or his life on the chances of action."

He Who Pays

Constantly he exhibits, flagellates, ultimately extols himself. Constantly he makes it quite clear that whatever he has done to others, it is he who has suffered the most. His whole story is construed as a slow, tortured ascent, Chambers's immolation to what he is the witness for. This becomes particularly striking where he describes what he underwent while denouncing Hiss.

In answer to the question that a journalist put to him at the time, "What do you think you are doing?" he replies, "I am a man who, reluctantly, grudgingly, step by step, is destroying himself that this country and the faith by which it lives may continue to exist." When he decides not to destroy the microfilms, he says, "I knew, too, that whatever else I destroyed, I could do what I had to do only if I was first of all willing to destroy myself." Later, when he considers suicide, he says, "Whether I lived and bore a witness of justice, or killed myself and bore a witness of mercy, I would in either case destroy myself."

Once, in answering Mr. Nixon, who had asked him about his motives in accusing Alger Hiss of Communism, he said, "There are in general two kinds of men. One kind of man believes that God is a God of Justice. The other kind of man believes that God is a God of Mercy. I am so constituted that in any question I will always range myself upon the side of mercy." He must have forgotten at that moment that there are also the Communists in

this world, who do not believe in God —either of Justice or of Mercy.

His last attempt at suicide, at the time he was testifying before the New York Grand Jury, he describes as having been at least partly successful. "Still, no one who has been through such an experience can be expected to be quite the same man again. He is both freer and stronger, because he is, ever after, less implicated in the world. For he has been, in his own mind at least, almost to the end of everything, and knows its worth."

In a chapter entitled "Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow," the author makes it clear that there is not much of a tomorrow left for him. After the trials, there is not much energy left, either—aside from whatever energy might have been required for the writing of these 799 pages. At the end, the book has the inexorable accent of the *Consummatum Est.*

Without Fear or Malice

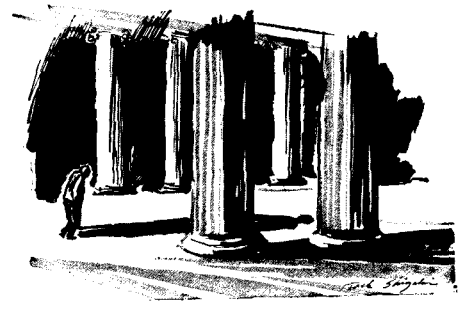
Just because this book is no ordinary piece of literature, but a very important political fact, it is imperative that it be answered and not just reviewed. The episodes it reports may be all true. But the frame of reference and the perspective are, to say the least, arbitrary.

From the sense of doom, of inevitable Communist victory, only the enemy can benefit. Moreover, this pessimism is utterly unjustified, for in fact we are fighting against Communism and we certainly will win if we do not let nihilism becloud our vision and sap our strength.

It is not possible to derive from this book any other sentiment than a profound pity for Whittaker Chambers. But all the accidents, the quirks, the oddities of his life cannot be considered representative and exemplary, even if his desperate loneliness is endowed with the power of communication—amplified by the *Saturday Evening Post* and the Book-of-the-Month Club. We do need to revise our recent history, for we can no longer rely on the happy improvisations that allowed Roosevelt's America to emerge from the depression and from the war. But these blanket indictments of all who have led us during the last twenty years, and of the democratic tenets our nation lives by, cannot remain unchallenged. Only too frequently of late the sewers have been overflowing into Main Street. Behind Chambers, anguished in his search for God, come Lait and Mortimer—and the rest.

Perhaps we ought to have less shyness and self-consciousness in asserting our religious beliefs. Our times are so serious, the fight against Communism so demanding, that we must call on all the support we can get from the faith that has made our civilization. We all have our share of guilt for the life that is described in this book, and we can never pity its author enough.

But we will not trade Christ for Chambers.



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The Tragic Life Of a Polrugarian Minister

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

POLRUGARIA need not be exactly located on the map. Enough that it lies somewhere in the dark eastern reaches of Europe. Nor need the name of Vincent Adriano, a high Polrugarian official, be looked up in any *Who's Who,* for he is a half-real and half-imaginary character. Adriano's features and traits can be found in some of the people who now rule the Russian satellite countries, and not a single one of his experiences related here has been invented. It need not be specified what post Vincent Adriano holds in his Government. He may be the President or the Prime Minister or the Vice-Premier, or he may be only the Minister of the Interior or the Minister of Education. In all likelihood he is a member of the Politburo, and is known as one of the pillars of the People's Democracy in Polrugaria. His words and doings are reported in newspapers all over the world.

It is common to refer to men of Adriano's kind as "Stalin's henchmen," "Russian puppets," and "leaders of the Cominform fifth column." If any of these labels described him adequately, Adriano would not be worth any special attention. To be sure, he is unavoidably something of a puppet and an agent of a foreign power, but he is much more than that.

The Decay of a Social Order

Vincent Adriano is in either his late forties or early fifties—he may be just fifty. His age is significant because his formative years were those of the revolutionary aftermath of the First World War. He came from a middle-class family that before 1914 had enjoyed a measure of prosperity and believed in the stability of dynasties, governments, currencies, and moral principles. In his middle or late teens, Adriano saw three vast empires crumble with hardly anybody shedding a tear. Then he watched many governments leap into and tumble out of existence in so rapid and breathtaking a succession that it was almost impossible to keep account of them. On the average, there were a dozen or a score of them every year. The advent of each was hailed as an epoch-making event; each successive Prime Minister was greeted as a savior. After a few weeks or days, he was booed and hissed out of office as a misfit, scoundrel, and nincompoop.

> It is only appropriate that, after telling the story of a man who left Communism, we recount the adventures of one who remains a Communist to this day. And we scarcely need add that the opinions of the Polrugarian Minister (as given by Mr. Deutscher), particularly those concerning the conflict between Communism and democracy, are not shared by this magazine—as the preceding article by our editor proves.

Two Boxes of Matches

The currency of Polrugaria, like the currencies of all neighboring countries, lost its value from month to month, then from day to day, and finally from hour to hour. Adriano's father sold his house at the beginning of one year; with the money he received he could buy only two boxes of matches at the end of that year. No political combination, no institution, no established custom, no inherited idea seemed capable of survival. Moral principles, too, were in flux. Reality seemed to lose clear-cut outline, and this was reflected in the new poetry, painting, and sculpture.

The young man was easily convinced that he was witnessing the decay of a social order, that before his

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very eyes capitalism was succumbing to the attack of its own deep-seated insanity. He was aroused by the fiery manifestoes of the Communist International signed by Lenin and Trotsky. Soon he became a member of the Communist Party. Since in Polrugaria the party was savagely persecuted—the penalties for membership ranged from five years' imprisonment to death—the people who joined it did not do so, in those days, for selfish or careerist motives.

Adriano, at any rate, gave up without hesitation the prospect of a secure career in the academic field to become a professional revolutionary. He was prompted by idealistic sympathy with the underdog and by something he called "scientific conviction." Studying the classics of Marxism, he became firmly convinced that private ownership of the means of production and the concept of the nation-state had outlived their day, and further, that they were certain to be replaced by an international socialist society which could be promoted only by a proletarian dictatorship.

This proletarian dictatorship meant not the dictatorial rule of a clique, let alone of a single leader, but the social and political predominance of the working classes, "the dictatorship of an overwhelming majority of the people over a handful of exploiters, semi-feudal landlords, and big capitalists." Far from disowning democracy, the proletarian dictatorship, so he thought, would represent its consummation. It would fill the empty shell of formal equality, which was all that bourgeois democracy could offer, with the content of social equality. With this vision of the future he plunged into the conspiratorial struggle of the revolutionary underground.

From Idealism to Irony

We need not relate in detail Adriano's revolutionary career—its pattern was, up to a point, typical. There were the years of his dangerous work in the underground, when he lived the life of a hunted man without name or address. He organized strikes, wrote for clandestine papers, and traveled all over the country studying social conditions and setting up organizations. Then came the years of prison and torture and of longing in solitude. The vision of the future that had inspired him had to be somewhat adulterated with expedients, tactical games, and tricks of organization—the daily business of every politician, even of one who serves a revolution. For all that, his idealism and enthusiasm had not yet begun to evaporate.

Even while imprisoned he helped sustain in his comrades their conviction, their hope, and their pride in their own sacrifices. Once he led several hundred political prisoners in a hunger strike. The strike, lasting six or seven weeks, was one of the longest ever known. The governor of the prison knew that in order to break it he had

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first to break Vincent Adriano. Guards dragged the emaciated man by his legs from a cell on the sixth floor down the iron staircase, banging his head against the hard and rusty edges of the steps until he lost consciousness. Vincent Adriano became a legendary hero.

With some of his comrades, he at last managed to escape from prison and make his way to Russia. Inasmuch as he spent several years in Moscow, it is now often said and written about him that he belongs to that "hard core of Moscow-trained agents who control Polrugaria." Such words, when he happens to read them, bring a sadly ironical smile to his lips.

When Adriano arrived in Moscow in the early 1930's, he was not among the chief leaders of the Polrugarian party. Nor was he greatly concerned with his place in the hierarchy. He was more preoccupied with the confusion in his own mind that arose when he first compared his vision of the society of the future with life in the Soviet Union under Stalin. He hardly dared admit, even to himself, the extent of his disillusionment. This, too, has been so typical in the experiences of men of his kind that we need not dwell on it. Typical, too, were the truisms, the half-truths, and the self-delusions with which he tried to soothe his disturbed Communist conscience. Russia's inherited poverty, its isolation in a capitalist world, the dangers threatening it from outside, the illiteracy of its masses, their laziness and lack of civic responsibility—all this and more he used to explain to himself why life in Russia fell appallingly short of the ideal.

"Oh," he sighed, "if only the revolution had first been victorious in a more civilized and advanced country! But history has to be taken as it is, and Russia is at least entitled to the respect and gratitude due the pioneer, whatever that pioneer's faults and vices." He did his utmost not to see the realities of life around him.

Survival in Siberia

Then came the great purges of 1936-1939. Most leaders of the Polrugarian party who had lived as exiles in Moscow were shot as spies, saboteurs, and agents of the Polrugarian political police. Before they died, they (and even their wives, brothers, and sisters) were made to bear witness against one another. Among the dishonored and the executed was one who more than anybody else had aroused Adriano's enthusiasm and sustained his courage, who had initiated him into the most difficult problems of Marxist theory, and to whom Adriano had looked up as a friend and spiritual guide.

Adriano, too, was confronted with the usual charges. By a freak of fortune, however, or perhaps by the whim of the chief of the GPU, N. I. Yezhov, or of one of Yezhov's underlings, he was not made to face a firing squad. Instead, he was deported to a forced-labor camp somewhere in the subpolar north. With many others—Trotskyites, Zinovievites, Bukharinites, kulaks, Ukrainian nationalists, bandits and thieves, former generals, former university professors and party organizers—he was employed in felling trees and transporting them from the forest to a depot. Frost, hunger, and disease took their toll of the deportees, but the ranks were constantly filled with newcomers.

Adriano saw how people around him were first reduced to an animallike struggle for survival, how they next lost the will to struggle and survive, and how finally they collapsed and died like flies. Somehow his own vitality did not sag. He went on wielding the ax with his frostbitten fingers. Every third or fourth day it was his turn to harness himself, along with fellow prisoners, to the cart loaded with timber and to drag it across the snow- and ice-covered plain to the depot several miles away. These were the worst hours. He could not reconcile himself to the fact that he, the proud revolutionary, was being used as a beast of burden in the country of his dream.

Even now he still feels a piercing pain in his heart whenever he thinks of those days—and that is why he reads with a melancholy smile the stories about the mysterious "training in fifth-column activity" he received in Russia.

With a shred of his mind he tried to penetrate the tangle of circumstances behind his extraordinary degradation. At night he argued about this with the other deportees. The problem was vast and confused beyond comprehension. Some of the deported Communists said that Stalin had carried out a counter-revolution in which every achievement of Lenin's revolution had been destroyed.

Others held that the foundations of the revolution—public ownership and a collectivist economy—had remained intact, but that instead of a free socialist society, a terrifying combination of socialism and slavery was being erected on those foundations. The outlook was therefore more difficult than anything they could have imagined, but there was perhaps some hope, if not for this generation then for the next. Stalinism, it was true, was casting grave discredit upon the ideal of socialism, but perhaps what was left of socialism might still be salvaged from the wreck-

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age. Adriano could not quite make up his mind, but he was inclined to adopt this latter view.

Regrettable Mistake

Events now took a turn so fantastic that even the most fertile imagination could not have conceived it. One day, toward the end of 1941 (Hitler's armies had just been repulsed from the gates of the Russian capital), Adriano was freed from the concentration camp and taken with great honors straight to Moscow. The Kremlin urgently needed east and central European Communists capable of broadcasting to the Nazi-occupied lands and of establishing liaison with the underground movements behind the enemy lines. Because of their country's strategic importance, Polrugarians were especially wanted. But not a single one of the chief leaders of the Polrugarian party was alive. The few less prominent ones who had been dispersed in various places of deportation were hurriedly brought back to Moscow, rehabilitated, and put to work. The rehabilitation took the form of an apology from the Security Police to the effect that the deportation of Comrade So-and-So had been a regrettable mistake.

Several times a week, Adriano, facing the microphone, shouted into the ether his confidence in the Land of Socialism, extolled Stalin and his achievements, and called on the Polrugarians to rise behind the enemy lines and prepare for their liberation.

He sensed sharply the incongruity of his situation. He was now a propaganda agent for his jailers and torturers, for those who had denigrated and destroyed the leaders of Polrugarian Communism, his dear friend and guide among them. At heart he could neither forget nor forgive the agony and the shame of the purges. And with a part of his mind he could never detach himself from the people he had left behind in the north.

But he could not refuse the assignment. Refusal would have amounted to sabotage of the war effort, and the penalty would have been death or deportation. Yet it was not merely from cowardice that he was doing his job. He was eager to help defeat the Nazis, and for this, he felt, it was right to join hands "with the devil and his grandmother"—and with Stalin.

Nor was this merely a matter of defeating Nazism. Despite all he had gone through, he clung to his old ideas and hopes. He was still a Communist. He looked forward to the revolutionary ferment that would spread over the capitalist world after the war. The more severe his disillusionment with the Soviet Union, the more intense was his hope that the victory of Communism in other countries would regenerate the movement and free it from the Kremlin's faithless tutelage.

The same motives prompted him to agree to a proposal, which Stalin personally made to him a few months later, that he should organize a Polrugarian Committee of Liberation and become its secretary. It was certain that the Red Army would cross into Polrugaria sooner or later. The Committee of Liberation was to follow in its wake and to become the nucleus of a provisional government.

Adriano's hands were full of work. He was now in charge of liaison with the Polrugarian Resistance. He issued instructions to the emissaries who penetrated the enemy lines or were parachuted behind them. He received reports from the guerrillas in the occupied country and transmitted them higher up. He arranged that leaders of the non-Communist and even anti-Communist parties be smuggled out of the country and brought to Moscow. And he induced some of them to join the Committee of Liberation.

The sequel is known. The Committee of Liberation became the provisional government, and then the actual government of Polrugaria. The non-Communist parties were squeezed out one by one and suppressed. Polrugaria became a People's Democracy. Adriano is one of the pillars of the new government, and so far nothing seems to foreshadow his eclipse. He has not found the way out of the trap; neither has he been crushed in it.

The Two Adrianos

There are two Vincent Adrianos now. One seems never to have known a moment of doubt or hesitation. His Stalinist orthodoxy has never been questioned, his devotion to the party has never flagged, and his virtues as leader and statesman are held to be unsurpassed. The other Adriano is almost constantly tormented by his Communist conscience, a prey to scruple and fear, to illusion and disillusionment. The former is expansive and eloquent, the latter broods in silence and hides even from his oldest friends. The former acts, the latter never ceases to ponder.

From 1945 to 1947 the two Adrianos were almost reconciled with each other. In those years the Polrugarian party carried out some of the root-and-branch reforms that for decades had been inscribed in its program. It attacked the problem of Polrugarian landlordism. It divided the large semi-feudal estates among the land-hungry peasants. It established public ownership of large-scale industry. It initiated impressive plans for the further industrial development of a sadly underdeveloped country. It sponsored a great deal of progressive social legisla-

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tion and an ambitious educational reform. These achievements filled Adriano with real joy and pride. It was, after all, for these things that he had languished in Polrugarian prisons.

In those years, too, Moscow, for its own reasons, was telling the Polrugarians that they should not look too much to Russia as their model, that they ought to find and follow their own "Polrugarian road to socialism." To Adriano this meant that Polrugaria would be spared the experience of purges and concentration camps, of abject subservience and fear. Communism, intense industrial and educational development, and a measure of real freedom to argue with one's fellow and to criticize the powers that be—this seemed to be the achievement of an ideal.

Again, Dark Fear and Terror

What disturbed him even then was that the people of Polrugaria were showing little enthusiasm for the revolution. To be sure, they saw the advantages and on the whole approved them. But they resented the revolution that was being carried out over their heads by people whom they had not chosen and who did not often bother to consult them and who looked like stooges of a foreign power.

Adriano knew to what extent the presence of the Red Army in Polrugaria had facilitated the revolution. Without it, the forces of the counter-revolution, with the assistance of the western bourgeois democracies, might have reasserted themselves in bloody civil war, as they had done after the First World War. But he reflected that a revolution without genuine popular enthusiasm behind it is half defeated. It is inclined to distrust the people whom it should serve. And distrust may breed dark fear and terror as it had done in Russia.

Yet, although he saw these dangers, he hoped that through honest and devoted work for the masses, the new Polrugarian government could eventually win their confidence and arouse their enthusiasm. Then the new social order would stand on its own feet. Sooner or later the Russian armies would go back to Russia. Surely, he thought, there must be another road to socialism, perhaps not exactly a Polrugarian one, but not a Russian and a Stalinist road either.

In the meantime, Vincent Adriano did a few things that were understood only by the initiated. He sponsored in Polrugaria a cult to glorify the memory of his old friend and guide who had perished in Russia, although Moscow had not officially rehabilitated the latter's memory. The biography of the dead leader can even now be seen displayed in Polrugarian bookshops, side by side with the official life of Stalin. Since the circumstances of the martyr's death are not mentioned in the biography, only the older Communists are aware of the hidden implications of this homage.

Adriano has also set up a special institute that looks after the families of all the Polrugarian Communists who perished in Moscow as "spies and traitors." The institute is called the Foundation of the Veterans and Martyrs of the Revolution. Such gestures give Adriano a measure of moral satisfaction, but he knows that politically they are irrelevant.

Which Tyranny?

As the two camps, East and West, began to marshal their forces and as the leaders on both sides, each in their own ways, confronted everybody with a categorical "who-is-not-with-me-is-against-me," Adriano's prospects darkened. If he could have had his way, Adriano's answer would have been a hearty "plague o' both your houses." He who has been an outcast in Stalin's Russia, a beast of burden in one of its concentration camps, he to whom every copy of *Pravda,* with its demented hymns to Stalin, gives an acute sensation of nausea, has watched with a shudder as his "Polrugarian

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road to socialism" has become more and more the Soviet road. Yet he does not see how he can depart from it.

He takes it for granted that all the West can offer to east and central Europe is counterrevolution. The West may extol freedom and the dignity of man (and who has explored the meaning of these ideals as tragically and thoroughly as Adriano?), but his gaze is fixed on the gulf he sees between western promise and fulfillment. He is convinced that in his part of the world every new upheaval will bring more rather than less oppression, more rather than less degradation of man.

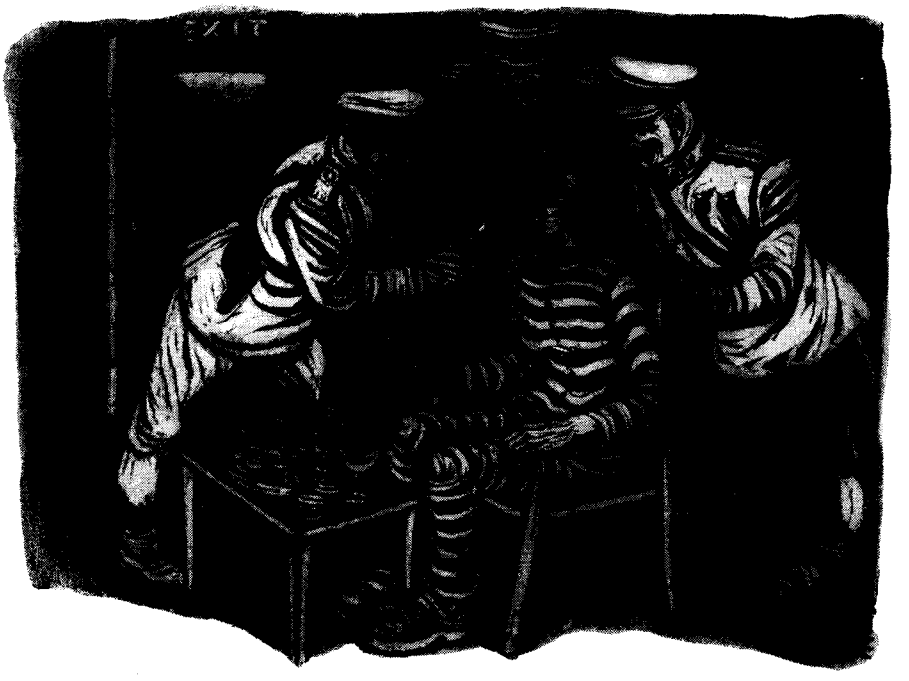
He is willing to concede that those who speak for the West may be quite sincere in their promises, but he adds that he has retained his old Marxist habit of disregarding the wishes and promises of statesmen and of keeping his eyes on social and political realities. Who among the Polrugarians, he asks, are ready to rally to the banners of the West? There may be a few well-meaning people among them, but these will be the dupes.

The most active and energetic allies of the West in Polrugaria are those who have had a stake in the old social order, the privileged men of the prewar dictatorship, the old *soldateska*, the expropriated landlords and their like. These, should the West win, will form the new government, and, in the name of freedom and of the dignity of man, let loose a White terror the like of which has never been seen. Adriano had known *their* terror once, also. But that was at a time when the old ruling class believed that their rule would last forever, and when their self-confidence prevented their terror from becoming altogether insane. Now, if they came back, they would be mad with fear and revenge. The real choice, as he sees it, is not between tyranny and freedom, but between Stalinist tyranny, which is in part redeemed by economic and social progress, and a reactionary tyranny which would not be redeemed by anything.

At times Adriano would be happy to give up his high office and withdraw into obscurity. But the world has become too small. He cannot seek asylum in the West. This, in his eyes, would be not much better than treason—not to Russia, but to his ideal of Communism. Nor can he withdraw into obscurity. Resignation and withdrawal on his part would be a gesture of opposition and defiance, and this the régime he has helped to build would not allow.

No Hiding Place

How much is there in common between the young man who once set out with Promethean ardor to conquer history's insanity as it manifested itself in capitalism and the middle-aged Cabinet Minister who vaguely feels that history's irrational forces have overpowered the camp of the revolution and, incidentally, driven him into a trap? He does his best to bolster his own self-respect and to persuade himself that as statesman, dignitary, and leader he is still the same man he was when he championed the cause of the oppressed and suffered for it in the prisons of his native land. But sometimes, while he solemnly receives delegations of peasants or salutes a colorful parade, a familiar sharp pain pierces his heart. Suddenly he feels that he is, even now, being used as a beast of burden.



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Questions Our Propaganda Must Ask

KONRAD KELLEN

In the propaganda war against the Soviet empire, our international broadcasting has done more than establish itself in business. It is heard behind the Iron Curtain; it has kept many of those who hear it from despairing. Yet Radio Free Europe and the Voice of America are still on the defensive. There is a war to be won, and we have not moved to attack.

Our logical aim in the cold war is to bring about the collapse of Soviet tyranny from within, thus avoiding the necessity of having perhaps to break it one day by force of arms. If the Soviet empire were the monolith it pretends to be, this would be an idle dream. Soviet rule is firmly entrenched, but only those blinded by admiration or by fear can ignore the growing tensions within the structure. But the Soviet empire is not yet crumbling, as some people would have us believe, and there is much for us to do.

A look at the discrepancy between Communist theory and Communist practice should give us our best clues for action. Communist theory emancipates; Communist reality oppresses and terrifies. Terror marks every man within the Soviet orbit. This terror is imposed by the few but threatens all. Any distinction between Communists and non-Communists ceases to apply. Executioner and victim alike are afraid —for the Soviet executioner himself is a potential, even probable, victim.

Syllogism: Every Soviet subject is afraid: no human being enjoys permanent fear; all subjects of the Kremlin would welcome any change that freed them from fear. If this is true, our propaganda need not blueprint the precise means of a change to democracy.

We have been seeking unattainable goals and unnecessary precision. This has been a cause of weakness. We have felt that we must make promises or threats. This has made us appear as though we were talking to children, and no people like to be cajoled and threatened as if they were children.

No Threats, No Promises

Moreover, what are we to offer to whom, and under what conditions?

Whom are we to threaten, and with what, and for what crimes? It is not surprising that no democratic, satisfactory answers have been found to the questions, because they spring from a paternalistic, undemocratic attitude.

"Those people" are more numerous than we are, and are endowed with the same basic qualities, rights, and common sense. At present, in the throes of the totalitarian affliction, they may behave like morons or monsters, but they are neither. Nor are they children, no matter how childish—on the emotional plane—their society may appear (with its corporal punishment, lying, stealing, bullying, bragging, etc.). To resort to promises and threats is to convey to our listeners that we have no confidence in them.

We do not have to offer the Russian or the satellite peoples anything *instead* of the system which is for all of them, in one way or another, the most frightful, destructive, and frustrating way of life yet attained. We must simply try to make them realize that the system is doomed as a political, economic, and social experiment; that the terror that holds it together is not invincible or permanent; and that we in the West can be lived with and will lend a helping hand if such a hand is wanted after the Stalinist Tower of Babel has been made to distintegrate. We should make them realize that the most pernicious of all Soviet propaganda tenets—that Red totalitarianism cannot be brought to an end except by military force applied from without—is pure fantasy.

Thought and Conscience

That is why, instead of telling our listeners with deadly monotony about the evils of Communism, we must ask them to think for themselves. This cannot be accomplished by opposing counterclaim to claim. What the Soviet leaders fear most of all is that their subjects should think for themselves. The totalitarian machine does not simply substitute misinformation for truth. That is only its first line of defense. Nor is it content to suppress the expression of free thought. It aims at *the suppression of thought itself,* at the deactivation of the mind, because it knows that thoughts, whether expressed or not, can be "dangerous" (as the Japanese chose to phrase it).

Such attempts at demobilizing the mind are well illustrated by the German example. When the Information

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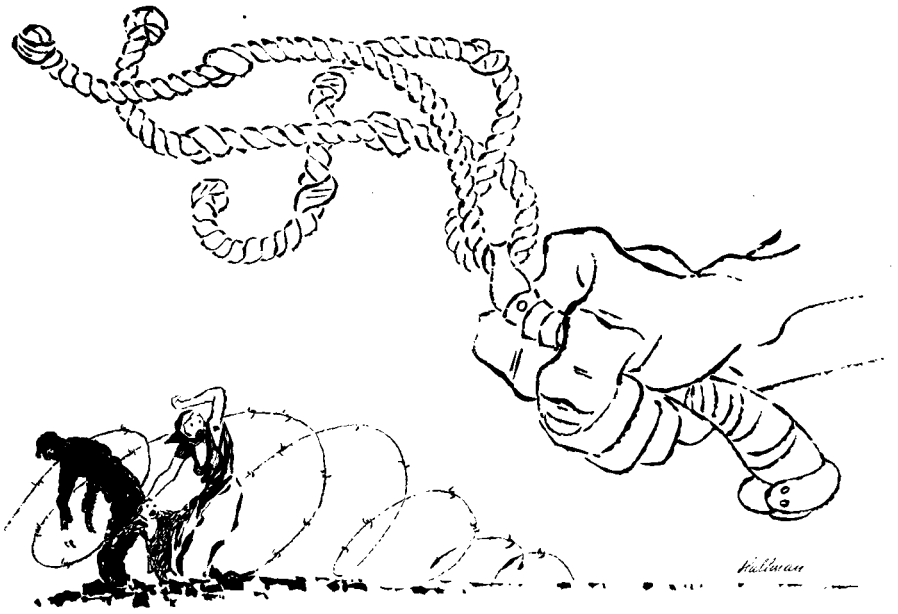

Control Division of the U.S. Army reached Germany, it expected to find manuscripts in every desk and drawer, produced and hidden by fearless and thinking men during the long night of tyranny. Nothing whatever was found. No one had written anything. The Hitler machine had actually succeeded in suppressing thought. For the Big Lie, German or Russian, is not simply a device to make people believe something that is untrue. It does not necessarily aim at being believed. (We often say, quite correctly, "Not even a Nazi or Communist can believe *that* . . .") The ultimate function of the Big Lie is to make people impervious to the truth by discrediting the spoken and written word as a vehicle of thought communication. Its aim is to incite, like an archaic battle cry; to conjure up alluring or frightful fantasies; to hypnotize the listener into oblivion of reality.

Consciences in the Deep Freeze

But the authoritarian machine cannot content itself with immobilizing its collective mind; it must also deactivate its collective conscience. In the destructive, anti-human society of totalitarianism, everyone to a greater or lesser extent has a bad conscience. Bad consciences, as we all know, are appeased with rationalizations, and one of the basic functions of totalitarian propaganda is to provide them.

"But we *had* to believe Hitler," Nazis cried after the collapse of the Third Reich. "Otherwise our whole world would have crumbled!" The greater the transgression, the greater must be the flight into unreality. When it becomes total, as in the murderous and suicidal totalitarian society, the rationalization, the excuse, must also become total. Since there is no total excuse except God, the system becomes a religion and the leader a god.

Thus, trans-Curtain propaganda must plow the ground in order to give the seedling of truth a chance to take hold and grow and bear fruit. It must reactivate and mobilize minds in the face of cunning and energetic opposition; it must mobilize consciences by dissolving the rationalizations employed to appease them; it must alleviate the fears of an unknown future.

And it cannot do so by saying: "We are democratic and you are imperialist; we are peaceful and you seek war; we are innocent and you are guilty." Counterclaims are defensive, and, what is worse, a bore to everybody; the more ingenious, righteous, and cleverly documented they are, the more boring.

If we want our message to have the opposite ring and effect from theirs, we should be humble where they are haughty, tolerant where they are vengeful, doubtful where they are certain, mature where they are childish; we should treat men as individuals where they treat them as cogs, speak to men as adults where they speak to them as children, treat people with respect where they treat them with contempt. We can do all this without going one iota beyond official U.S. or U.N. policy.

The Soviets always deal with categories—Communists, Fascists, imperialists, kulaks, enemies of the people, toilers—and we follow close on their heels in this respect. In view of the fact, however, that there is hardly a human being who fits completely into any of these categories or completely identifies himself with it, nobody ever feels directly addressed when categories are either praised or condemned.

The efforts to categorize people and mount an offensive on this treacherous ground becomes particularly apparent when the attempt is made to "drive a wedge between Communists and anti-Communists." In a country where Communism is in the opposition, it is not always easy to make a clear distinction between Communists and anti-Communists (look at European neutralism). In a country where Communism rules, such a distinction is impossible and meaningless.

Propaganda must speak to individuals, Communist or not, and never to categories, no matter how subtly established. The essential difference between categories and individuals is that the latter are capable of change, the former are not. To treat living and changing people as symbols of certain categories is one of the basic disorders of our time, and the essence of the totalitarian system. For our present propaganda activities, it is the fastest and surest road to self-defeat.

The Ineffective Threat

The Soviet machine terrifies everyone into conforming, regardless of how inclined or opposed an individual may be to the official line of action. At present, we can think of nothing better than attempts to terrify leading Communists into opposition to the régime. This may appear logical and "hardheaded" at first glance, but an elementary psychological consideration must raise doubts. It is unlikely that men already terrified will be affected by the possibility of distant, uncertain retribution.

Once again, Germany may serve as a warning. It was when the totalitarian cause was already hopeless that the gas chambers were instituted; it was only when the Nazis had become terrified to the point of panic that they used the gas chambers day and night.

Stalin and his enslaved slave drivers try to implant the idea that for all individuals their downfall would have consequences too frightful even to con-

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template. It is our business to suggest to those involved that their fear of the results of Soviet collapse is not in proportion to reality. While the Soviet machine tries to prevent its servants from even contemplating what the end would be like, we should persuade them to do just that.

In this connection a little cynicism is not entirely impermissible; it might be suggested that they look at what happened after defeat in West Germany. It is a shortcoming of our present propaganda effort, especially of the programs beamed to the satellites, that the principal emphasis is placed on Soviet exploitation, miserable economic conditions, etc. "The Russian people," exclaimed an exasperated Russian refugee, "are not interested in iceboxes; they are interested in freedom!" Perhaps that sounds a little too encouraging; yet is it not rhetoric but fact that, under certain political conditions, physical and material considerations become of secondary importance.

A human being deprived both of material goods and of freedom will feel the loss of freedom more than hunger, more than poverty. This is not because man is incurably idealistic but because he cannot endure the total loss of individual rights.

A Man Is Not Alone

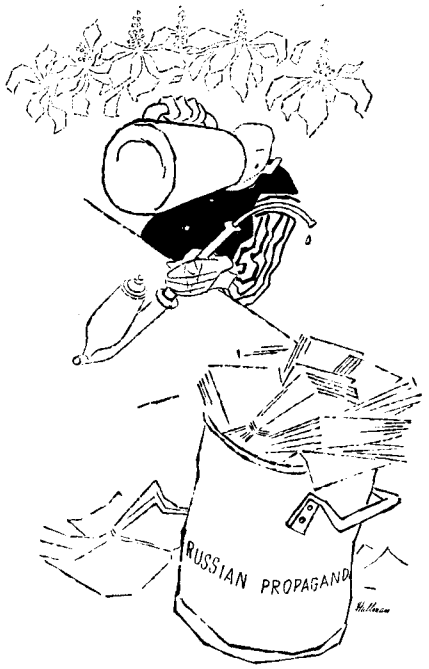
Like all totalitarians, the Soviets try to divide in order to rule. The machine not only attempts to divide nation and nation, group and group; it attempts to divide children and parents, brother and sister, individual from individual. Around every person there is a wall of fear that prevents complete cooperation or communication with his neighbor.

This is of vital importance to the machine, because it knows that the sum total of hostility and antagonism against it is always greater than that of the support it enjoys. Thus, while it utilizes the support by permitting it to amalgamate and come out in the open, it keeps "subversive" energy from coalescing by imprisoning and compartmentalizing it behind walls of fear and distrust. In order to work for a growing unity of anti-Communist forces we should have frequent broadcasts telling our listeners that people may turn out not to be what they appear to be. Just as the clandestine critic of the régime may be an *agent provocateur*, the zealous Communist may be at the point of defection.

This is the result of a dictatorship that makes frank relations between human beings impossible as long as it lasts. The system bases its strength on the fact, among other things, that under it everybody distrusts, fears—and therefore dislikes—everybody else. We can tell our listener not to do the system this favor. Naturally, he must be careful and cannot express himself freely. But when he meets other people, he might do well to give them the benefit of the doubt, to keep his final judgment in abeyance. We should remind our listeners constantly that the proportion of genuine pro-Communist and anti-Communist forces in his shop, dwelling, city, and country is quite different from what it appears to be. Contrary to all appearances, he is far from alone; in fact, nobody is alone except those who have committed themselves to Communism.

Questions and Missiles

The Soviet and U.S. propaganda machines *tell* the individual something—they do it all day long—but neither Russians nor Americans *ask* the individual for his opinions. It is made dreadfully and doubly plain to him that



his opinions are of no interest; all that the warring factions want from him is his allegiance and consent. As a result, he does not need a mind and forgets how to use it. This is exactly what the strategists of totalitarian thought want. Why must we do what they want?

Cold warfare would be well advised to ask questions—and then ask more questions. Not the rhetorical ones, of course, which are used *ad nauseam* by propagandists, and cannot fail to irritate the listener even more than any amount of exhortation or preaching; but genuine questions, questions to which we do not know the answers. Naturally the listener is in no position to give us answers. But, more than anything else, the mature, sincere, and unemotional discussion of baffling problems can stimulate his imagination, his conscience, his mind.

The presentation of an airtight plan, the expression of unshakable convictions, self-righteous pontification on the obvious, the compulsion to fit everything into a "line," the haughty or pseudo-humble account of one's own accomplishments plainly told for an ulterior purpose—all these are devices from the totalitarian propaganda arsenal. They are useful devices; they are the very instruments with which the dictatorships have brought the imaginative, constructive, human side of their subjects' brains to a standstill. They are tools suited to totalitarian objectives. It follows that the same tools, employed for the purpose of spreading democracy, are suicidal. Soviet radio broadcasts are so devised that the listener *stops* thinking at the end of the transmission. Ours should be such that he *begins* to think when he shuts off his receiver. Thought is followed by action, and this indirect way of influencing action by inducing thought is propaganda's only—but great—opportunity.

If we are to revive independent thought behind the Iron Curtain, we must deal even with controversial matters, and the questions we ask must be intelligent, worthwhile, and insistent. They must produce new vistas, hopes, attitudes. Emphasis on the question can free our propaganda from the stale, static, defensive, boring formulas that govern it now.

Dictators hate questions. Unlike the statement, the question does not require the *confidence* of those to whom it is put in order to be effective. It is the symbol of intelligence, tolerance, and concern for other people. It is a sign of self-confidence, a proof of honesty, a sign of strength.

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Four Politicians in Two Acts

Two dialogues concerning the availability of Adlai Stevenson

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

(*What follows is fictitious. Any resemblance to persons living or dead is probably deliberate, but in no case malicious in intent.*)

ACT I

The scene is a comfortable room in the Mayflower Hotel, Washington, D. C. Two Democratic National Committeemen, John and George, are sprawled in easy chairs in their shirtsleeves, sipping highballs. The room is, of course, appropriately smoke-filled. The time, mid-June, 1952.

JOHN: Sure, wait and see! Wait and see! I tell you, we *can't* wait and see! All right, so the Ike boom misses, and they nominate Taft after all. And we're sitting on our hands watching this Kefauver get the freest free ride that our screwy primary system ever gave anybody.

GEORGE: I know, I know. You want to smoke out Adlai Stevenson before the G.O.P. show. You want to warm him up in the bull pen. I tell you I don't like it. The man's got Illinois in the palm of his hand. He's Governor for four more years. He's where he ought to be, building up for 1956. Springfield's the best farm for new players in this league. I say leave him alone. All you'll do is hurt him in Illinois and stir up a fight at Chicago. Besides, he's said no . . . No! . . . NO! Everybody heard him.

JOHN: Now look. He *has* said No, but he's dodged when they asked him about a genuine draft. Says it's hypothetical. George, when a man says a question is hypothetical, it means either modesty or discretion forbids him to answer.

GEORGE: I don't say you're wrong about that. I've never met the man who'd refuse the Presidency—unless he's already had it seven years. But it hurts a man to be looked over and voted on and then sidetracked or defeated. I say leave him clean, riding high in Illinois. Four more years at Springfield and he'll look as big as Roosevelt did in 1932. He'll look like Lincoln—I mean a Democratic Lincoln.

JOHN: It's a slovenly comparison, my boy. Ad Stevenson went to Princeton. He's an experienced diplomat. He comes from a family that's been in public service for generations. But let's not argue. Let's look at facts. And pass me that bottle. This stuff makes for calmer consideration of basic problems.

Now, Truman's left us on the defensive on Communism in government, honesty in government, Federal extravagance, inflation, socialist reforms, labor domination—on every issue but one

—foreign policy. Even if Acheson is a liability—and I'm not saying he is—the one thing Truman's got on the credit side is a damn good foreign policy. It works. George, that's all we've got to make hay out of. We need somebody that can make hay with it. And that's not Estes!

GEORGE: That's for sure. But remember, Adlai testified for Alger Hiss, and you know——

JOHN: Hold on, George. Adlai refused to go East to testify. He gave a deposition. He wasn't asked what *he* thought of Hiss, but what *other people* thought of him when he was a little big shot in the State Department. They've got nothing on Adlai in the Hiss business.

GEORGE: All right. Then what about the divorce?

JOHN: That's been cleared with the right clerics. He got a clean bill. The divorce thing is just a gimmick the McCarthy wing of the electorate has picked up. They talk about the divorce because they haven't got the courage to come out and say they're against Stevenson because he's an intellectual. If they didn't have the divorce, they'd cook up something else.

GEORGE: You're eloquent today, Johnny. But I guess you're right.

Anyway, I see more trouble with this brainy boy of ours out in Springfield. We want to pull this split-up party of ours together. We didn't have a chance till H.S.T. eased himself out. Now we've got a chance. But we have to find a fellow that will suit Dick Russell and those boys down South.

JOHN: Where a Democrat is an

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animal that neither of us will ever understand.

GEORGE: You can say that again! All the same, this boy wonder from Springfield came up during F.D.R.'s régime. He looks like a New Dealer. And, pal, they're poison right now.

JOHN: (*Snorting*) Hold on. I've looked into this some. Adlai Stevenson is a reformer, sure enough. He's already *done* in Illinois what Kefauver *talks* about doing. He took 1,300 political hacks off the payroll out there. But he's no New Dealer. To start with, he's come out strong for state action on stuff like FEPC. That'll sound all right down South, won't it? And still he's got a swell record on FEPC in Illinois, to cheer the Democrats in the more northern latitudes. And during the war he helped give the Negroes their first real break in the Navy.

GEORGE: (*Lugubriously*) And Taft-Hartley?

JOHN: You took the words right out of my mouth. It's unsanitary, but it shows you're thinking.

Listen to me. When Stevenson was interviewed by *U. S. News & World Report* he did the smoothest job yet on Taft-Hartley. Said you can't just be for or against it, you've got to study it, and then modify it with discrimination. And it was no weasel job, either. The guy's intelligent, I tell you.

GEORGE: Sure, sure, and that marks him off from a lot of other people who are being considered. But it's dangerous, John. I'll tell you why. With a winning personality, he could take chances, if the personality was wrapped around a medium brainpan. But if we pick ourselves a real *brain,* we've got to be sure it's the right one. You know these anti-intellectuals on the McCarthy wing have got a point, much as I hate to admit it. Let's put it this way. A man with both brains and guts is dangerous —unless he happens to be headed the way the American people want to go just then.

JOHN: But if he *is* headed that way, he's terrific. And I still say the Springfield boy is on the beam. He's for keeping the best of the New Deal and heaving the accumulated rubbish over the side. He's for the foreign policy that all of our party and half of the Republican Party want.

And look, Adlai has talked some about government intervention in the national economy. Usually that's dynamite, even if you're noncommittal. Stevenson says he wants no more intervention than is absolutely required in a particular case. And then, he says,

it should bolster competition, not destroy it. Why, the man is actually in favor of capitalism!

GEORGE: Sure would be nice to have a candidate again who really came out for private enterprise, from the heart. Wouldn't it, now? Of course we'd make some of our loyal partisans unhappy. But those fastidious boys on the left wing have no place else to go. Henry Wallace isn't in business this year, and they can't vote for Taft.

JOHN: Taft! (*musingly*) If we could only be sure he'd start, things would be simple. (*with rising emotion*) George, if it's Taft, all we have to do is come out in favor of the twentieth century, and we're in.

GEORGE: Robert Alphonso has a fanatical following. He works twenty-four hours a day. He attracts folding money the way a magnet does iron filings. He has his mouth open, awake and asleep. And just by the law of averages a certain number of quite effective remarks come out, along with all the bloomers.

JOHN: True enough. The people he's got, he's got for sure and for keeps. But all he's got are the folks that are going to vote Republican come hell or high water. Taft hasn't made a dent on the independent voters, except in the isolationist reaches of the Middle West. And the way Gallup counts them, there are fifteen million independents to eighteen million Republicans and twenty-two million Democrats. Honestly, I can't think of anything sweeter than entering Adlai against this Cincinnati lawyer.

So far, Taft has had easy sailing. He's smart. He works at all hours. He has a good paid staff to dig for him. He comes into the Senate full of data. He takes the country by the shoulders and shakes it every day in the morning papers and again in the evening with his "devastating attacks" on the Administration's policies. He keeps his stuff fairly clean while McCarthy does the dirty work. He's the greatest opposition leader since Borah, or maybe Lodge Senior. But actually, it's just stuff. He talks off the top of his head. He has gotten by, all these years, because nobody's answering him.

GEORGE: Please don't remind me of the manifest shortcomings of our party's debating squad. The point is, you think Adlai would answer him?

JOHN: Would he? That fellow knows the business. Taft would go in

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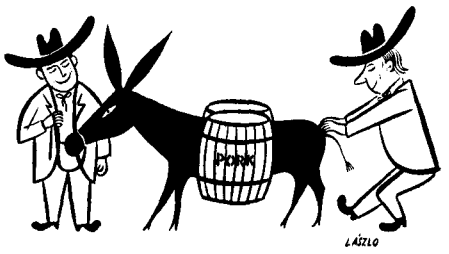


waving his arms and making a whole string of wild accusations and sensational proposals. "Let's break relations with Russia . . . Let's invade China . . . The Joint Chiefs are punks . . . It's Truman's war . . . China was delivered to the Communists by our own Red diplomats at Yalta." You know his style. Well, that's Adlai's dish. After all, he was right at the center of the policy-making process in the war years. Did you read his piece in *Foreign Affairs Quarterly?* No? Well, Georgie, you should. If you want to see the case for the Truman-Acheson foreign policy put twenty times as well as either of *them* can put it—if you want to see brains at work in a good cause—there they are.

GEORGE: Watch out, Johnny; you're getting eloquent again.

JOHN: Never mind that. Americans still respect facts, and they still respect people who can marshal them forcefully. Believe me, as much as I dislike the sight of blood and the cries of the injured, George, I'd love to see those two go to the mat!

GEORGE: I'm getting stirred up myself. Maybe it's the wrestling I've been watching on TV. But we keep talking about Taft, Taft, Taft. Anybody would think we knew what the Republicans were going to do next month. Here we are drinking bourbon in a hotel room six hundred miles from Chicago and still farther from the pulse of the average Republican county politician. This Eisenhower is somebody. His backers aren't *all* amateurs. He did all right in the primaries. He's got the slick magazines. Maybe he's it. Are you going to run Stevenson against Ike?

JOHN: Don't be ridiculous. Eisenhower is a winner. He's a natural. He can get as many Democratic votes as anybody in *our* party, outside the labor fellows and our troublesome but loyal friends down South. No sir. I wouldn't waste a 1956 winner against Ike. Stevenson has exactly what it takes to make a dignified but hard-hitting campaign. An intellectual with steam up. But (*lowering his voice to a whisper*) if we've got to send somebody in to make a sacrifice bunt, I nominate Estes Kefauver, the apostle of genteel righteousness.

GEORGE: I'm right with you, Johnny. If it's Taft, we'll draft the Springfield lad. He'll go if we put the heat on. But if it's Ike, we'll pass the word down the line to let the People's Choice carry the banner. Okay?

JOHN: Okay. (*Rises and moves to door. Speaks more wistfully than ever*) I guess I ought to think of the country first. But, dammit, I *am* a Democrat, and I hope it's Taft!

ACT II

The scene is the office of the Governor's Mansion at Springfield, Illinois. The time, mid-June, 1952. Two men named Stevenson are present, but only one is visible to the audience.

STEVENSON: Do you know what a split personality is, Adlai?

STEVENSON: Of course. But knowledge of a disease is not always protection against it. As few doctors realize, the affliction you mention is highly communicable. You can even get it from reading the newspapers.

STEVENSON: Well, you're going to come down with it if you don't decide pretty quick.

STEVENSON: How can I do any more than I've done? I've said I am a candidate for no office but Governor of Illinois. I've told everyone to count me out. What else can I do?

STEVENSON: We're not talking about your public posture, Adlai. It's all right. It's good. You're running for governor; and the door to the Presidential nomination is closed—but not locked. Publicly, you're in the best spot of any candidate in either party. You're available if they want you, but you're not beating the bushes for delegates or standing on the corner with a tin cup.

But are you settled in your own mind as to what you'll do when the convention meets and Jack Arvey gets you on the phone and says: "Will you go if we draft you?"

STEVENSON: Maybe he won't call. Maybe this will blow over.

STEVENSON: You know damn well he'll call. And it won't blow over, unless *you* lock the door.

STEVENSON: My duty is to the people of Illinois. They elected me once—and by a very flattering vote. They've nominated me again. My work here in Springfield is only half done. I'd be abandoning a wonderful group of loyal people.

STEVENSON: What about the American people? Isn't their claim on you just as valid as that of the people of Illinois? Also, you have a duty to your party. You're Harry Truman's choice, you know. Doesn't that mean something?

STEVENSON: (*Grinning*) It sure does. If it's kept *sotto voce,* it makes a "spontaneous draft" much easier. But if it's too well advertised, it becomes a handicap in the campaign—maybe even the kiss of death.

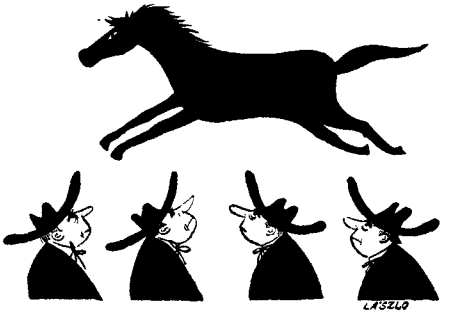
Don't get me wrong. I'm grateful for Harry Truman's nod, and also for the discreet way in which he nodded. But a leg up from the White House incumbent is not a draft. Truman will have a lot of influence in the convention—maybe enough to decide the nomination. But his influence stops there. His endorsement doesn't carry with it the support of millions of citizens. Consequently his urging doesn't have any moral impact on my own decision.

STEVENSON: Very well. But, Adlai, you owe something to the people you worked with during the war in Washington. There's a threat to the continuance of the policies you helped develop.

STEVENSON: Maybe I owe it to them to build solidly in Illinois for four years more. 1956 may be even more vital than 1952.

STEVENSON: That may be good logic. But out of the homely wisdom of the race, let me lift a phrase for you to consider: opportunity only knocks once.

STEVENSON: William Jennings Bryan would never admit that, if he were



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recalled to testify. Or even Tom Dewey, who has been even more accessible. Besides, we Stevensons have never succumbed to the tyranny of aphorisms. I'd rather settle this on the evidence, not by a meretricious proverb.

STEVENSON: All right. I'll meet you on your own ground. The evidence shows there is a draft-Stevenson movement of national dimensions. You admit that, do you not?

STEVENSON: I admit nothing of the sort. Adulatory editorials in a lot of newspapers are not a draft. They speak for the American people about as authentically as would the board of directors of the N.A.M. As of today, there just isn't any draft. Just a lot of telegrams and phone calls.

STEVENSON: But if the convention were to nominate you by a decisive majority——

STEVENSON: *That* would be a draft. No doubt of it. But unless and until it happens, I am determined not to interpret the adulation of Adlai by a select circle of well-wishers as though it were the voice of the American people—as solemn and fateful as a Greek chorus.

STEVENSON: Don't be literary. You're only a lawyer.

STEVENSON: A lawyer standing momentarily on a rise of ground, and easily seen, thanks to the voters of Illinois and the paucity of Presidential timber available in the Democratic Party.

STEVENSON: (*Quickly, as though seizing an advantage*) Then you admit the Democratic Party is short of top-flight candidates?

STEVENSON: (*Embarrassed*) Don't quote me, but I do think we Democrats have a personnel problem. And the opposition may be formidable.

STEVENSON: (*Rubbing hands with satisfaction*) Now we're coming to the heart of the matter, Adlai. I say 1952 *is* the critical year. The G.O.P. is bitterly, even savagely, divided on foreign policy. Never more so. *You* can win the internationalist wing of the G.O.P. And, as a cigarette advertiser might say, "No other Democrat can make that claim!"

STEVENSON: In some conditions, that's probably true. But you're forgetting our friend Ike. He has a complete claim to that wing of the Republican Party, and I certainly have no claim to the other wing. I think he'd beat me. And besides, I shouldn't like campaigning against Ike. We've too much in common.

STEVENSON: You don't have Jenner, Malone, McCarthy, Kem, Martin, Bricker, and Cain in common with him!

STEVENSON: True. And praise the Lord for that. (*Thoughtfully*) Ike will have a cross or two to bear, sure enough.

STEVENSON: Running against Kefauver or Harriman, and winning, Ike would carry all those latter-day isolationists back to the Senate for second terms. Why, they'd even be settled there for two more years after 1956, when you may finally have decided to have a go at it.

STEVENSON: (*Soberly*) You're shaking my resolution. But no. I still say it wouldn't be wise to run against Eisenhower. I'd be opposing a popular hero; and at the same time I'd be deprived of the one great issue—foreign policy—on which I could win otherwise, and the one on which I think I might have a real contribution to make.

STEVENSON: Lots of savvy Democratic leaders say you could beat Eisenhower.

STEVENSON: George Gallup is not a Democratic leader, but he is savvy. And his figures don't bear out your partisan oracles.

STEVENSON: (*With the surreptitious air of a player drawing an ace from his sleeve*) But what if Ike isn't nominated? Look, Adlai, have you really thought what would happen to this country if we got Bob Taft in the White House, and also Jenner, Malone, McCarthy, Kem, Martin, Bricker, and Cain back in the Senate for six years?

STEVENSON: (*With alarm*) Stop it! Of course I've thought about it. In fact I've talked about it—publicly: "The Taft voting record on international matters is fraught with what I regard as grave peril to the future of the United States."

STEVENSON: Precisely. And now (*triumphantly*) with the United States in such danger, do you suggest that your duty to the people of Illinois comes first?

STEVENSON: When you put it that way, of course there's only one answer. The ingenuity of your argument has backed me into a corner. If Taft is nominated, I'll run if asked to run. In fact, I'll open the door a crack, to let any draft blow in.

STEVENSON: Fine, fine. I think we've got it all wrapped up now. If Ike's the guy, you'll do nothing whatever to encourage a draft. Right?

STEVENSON: Right. Ike is a one-term President, as I see it. After a moderate business recession, with the usual recriminations and four years of disheartening battle against his stable of Senate isolationists, the General will be quite ready for the peace and quiet of his farm. I'd bet on that—if I hadn't stopped all betting in Illinois.

STEVENSON: But if it's Taft they pick——

STEVENSON: If it's Taft, with the Senate isolationists hanging to his coattails, I'll give Jack Arvey the green light.

STEVENSON: Good. But Arvey has to make plans. It takes some doing. You ought not to leave him out on a limb. And he's out there now. Better call him and tell him what you're prepared to do—if and when.

STEVENSON: (*Smiling with the relaxed and complacent self-possession of a man fully recovered from a mild personality disorder*) You're right. I'll call Jack now.

(*Curtain falls as Stevenson reaches for telephone.*)

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A Fresh Outlook On Disarmament

DAVID F. CAVERS

A YEAR AGO, disarmament seemed only a topic for crank letters and Ph.D. theses. Disagreement over even first steps had become chronic in the U.N. Commission for Conventional Armaments. Its counterpart, the U.N. Atomic Energy Commission, had ground to a full halt in 1950, after two years of increasing paralysis. By the end of 1950 the arms race—atomic and conventional—was in full swing. Disarmament, it seemed, would have to wait until after another world war.

Today disarmament has again become a lively topic. A new and active U.N. commission has been set up, and the U.S. State Department has recently called together a distinguished group of citizens to take a fresh look at both our disarmament policies and the directions in which the international arms race is carrying us. The composition of this panel is impressive. Its chairman is Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, who was in charge of the atomic-weapons operations at Los Alamos. Other members are Dr. Vannevar Bush, President John S. Dickey of Dartmouth, Allen W. Dulles, and Dr. Joseph E. Johnson, president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. The executive secretary of the panel is McGeorge Bundy of Harvard.

These are all knowledgeable and hardheaded men, free from political commitments to the Administration's present policies. The panel's forecasts of new developments in the arms race are not likely to be given much publicity, but its other job, the examination of disarmament policy, must certainly be brought to public attention. If this country is to achieve any sort of agreement on arms control with Russia—indeed, if our efforts to that end are not to appear palpably hypocritical—we shall have to depart before long from positions in which we have been firmly entrenched for six years.

Formulas and Fulminations

At the U.N. General Assembly in Paris, from November, 1951, well into January, 1952, disarmament held the limelight. Both the Soviets and the western powers sought to demonstrate their sincerity by proposals that edged in the direction of agreement. Though each greeted the other's efforts coldly or with derision, we witnessed, out of these travails, the birth of a new agency, the U.N. Disarmament Commission, which is charged with planning controls for both atomic and conventional weapons.

U.S. delegate Benjamin V. Cohen has submitted to the Commission a carefully worked out proposal for an arms census. Since the proposal went in the teeth of known Soviet objections, it has produced only a series of diatribes by Soviet delegate Jacob Malik on the subject of germ warfare.

A more promising move was made May 28 by the British delegate, Sir Gladwyn Jebb, who submitted, for Britain, France, and the United States, a working paper proposing an over-all ceiling of 1.5 million men for the respective armed forces of the United States, Russia, and "China" (a political entity that was not more specifically identified); eight hundred thousand for Britain; seven hundred thousand for France; and one per cent of the population for every other country. Though Russia has long demanded a uniform one-third cut in armed forces, Malik assured the Commission that the proposal would be considered carefully. The Commission then made its first report to the Security Council, noting the proposals and promising to keep on working.

If every departure from our previous position is not to seem the product of hoodwinked idealism, it is important that the problems facing the new Disarmament Commission be understood in the light of both the earlier U.N. efforts to bring armament under control and the significant changes that have taken place subsequently.

The U.N. Commission for Conventional Armaments was created in 1947. It considered a world-wide census of existing armaments an essential first step. Russia insisted that the census include atomic weapons. We rejected this view as going beyond the Commission's powers. So the first step was never taken.

The attempt to achieve atomic arms control has been more persistent. In January, 1946, a distinguished five-man board, the counterpart of today's Oppenheimer panel, was established by Dean Acheson, then Assistant Secretary of State. The board, which was headed by David Lilienthal, then TVA chairman, was instructed to develop a plan for the international control of atomic energy. Three months after the Acheson-Lilienthal report, Bernard Baruch laid before the U.N. Atomic Energy Commission a plan embodying its essentials. Baruch added a requirement that the veto would not be available to shield a nation which violated the agreement from punishment.

Apart from its prohibition of all atomic weapons, the central feature of the American plan was the relegation to an internationally staffed control agency of the ownership and management of all "dangerous" atomic facilities and all stocks of fissionable materials. Production of these materials for peaceful purposes was to be governed by quotas, and provision was to be made for inspection of national territories

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to guard against secret production. Against the risk that a nation might seize the atomic plants and stockpiles within its borders, the principle of "strategic balance" was invoked. This required such a balanced distribution of plants and stockpiles that one nation's illegal seizure could be offset by the other producing nations. The program was to go into effect by stages, in the last of which the United States would reveal the bomb "secret."

The Russians objected to this proposal on many counts: The waiver of the veto they considered an attack on the U.N.'s basic structure, although they conceded the necessity of majority rule for the "day-to-day" operations of the control agency. International ownership and management they called an invasion of sovereignty and an attempt by the power-rich United States to stifle Russia's economic development. Atomic plants, they said, should be under national management and subject only to accounting controls and "periodic" inspection, while inspection elsewhere should be permitted only where grounds for suspicion existed. The program of going through progressive stages they called a transparent trick to let us learn their military secrets without having to give up our own. Russia insisted that atomic weapons be banned at once, leaving the development of a control plan for later. The debates that ensued were bitter and fruitless.

Changes Since 1946

The atomic control plan to which we are still committed was laid down in 1946. Since 1946, however, important changes have occurred. The American monopoly on the bomb has been broken. Our stockpile of bombs has grown from a few to perhaps a thousand or more, and Russia's stockpile may be approaching a hundred. Hope for the peaceful coexistence of our systems has been called into serious doubt, and the West, stirred by the cold war in Europe and the hot fighting in Asia, is rapidly rearming. Finally, as the creation of the Disarmament Commission itself bears witness, atomic controls can no longer be planned apart from the control of conventional weapons.

Oppenheimer's panel of consultants will have to gauge the heavy impact these changes have had on the disarmament problem.

Consider the first change—the breaking of the American atomic monopoly. Our supposition that we alone possessed the terrible secret made us insist upon the disclosure of information only by gradual stages. The problem is still difficult, but now that it is known that each side has its own secrets, the chance of working out some reciprocal plan of disclosure would seem to have been increased.

The development of the huge American stockpile and the much smaller Russian one makes one wonder how attached the United States government can still be to the principle of strategic balance. Obviously we are not going to equalize the present disparity by a gift of several hundred bombs to Russia. And to let Russia build up its hoard to equal our own would scarcely seem like disarmament.

The growth of the stockpiles clearly means that no plan can possibly be airtight. Back in 1946, the draftsmen of the U.N. majority plan went to great lengths to plug loopholes, to make sure that not one kilogram of fissionable material could slip through the control agency's fingers. This was one of the reasons for international ownership and management rather than for reliance on accounting and inspection of national plants and stockpiles.

It is too late to devise a control that is airtight. Any new control plan will

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have to allow for a margin of evasion. Each side will have to be trusted to account for its output of fissionable materials over the recent years during which there has been no international inspection. To accept such accounting is to swallow the camel. Surely we should not thereafter strain at the gnat of possible small-scale leaks in a carefully designed system of accounting and inspection covering all known facilities.

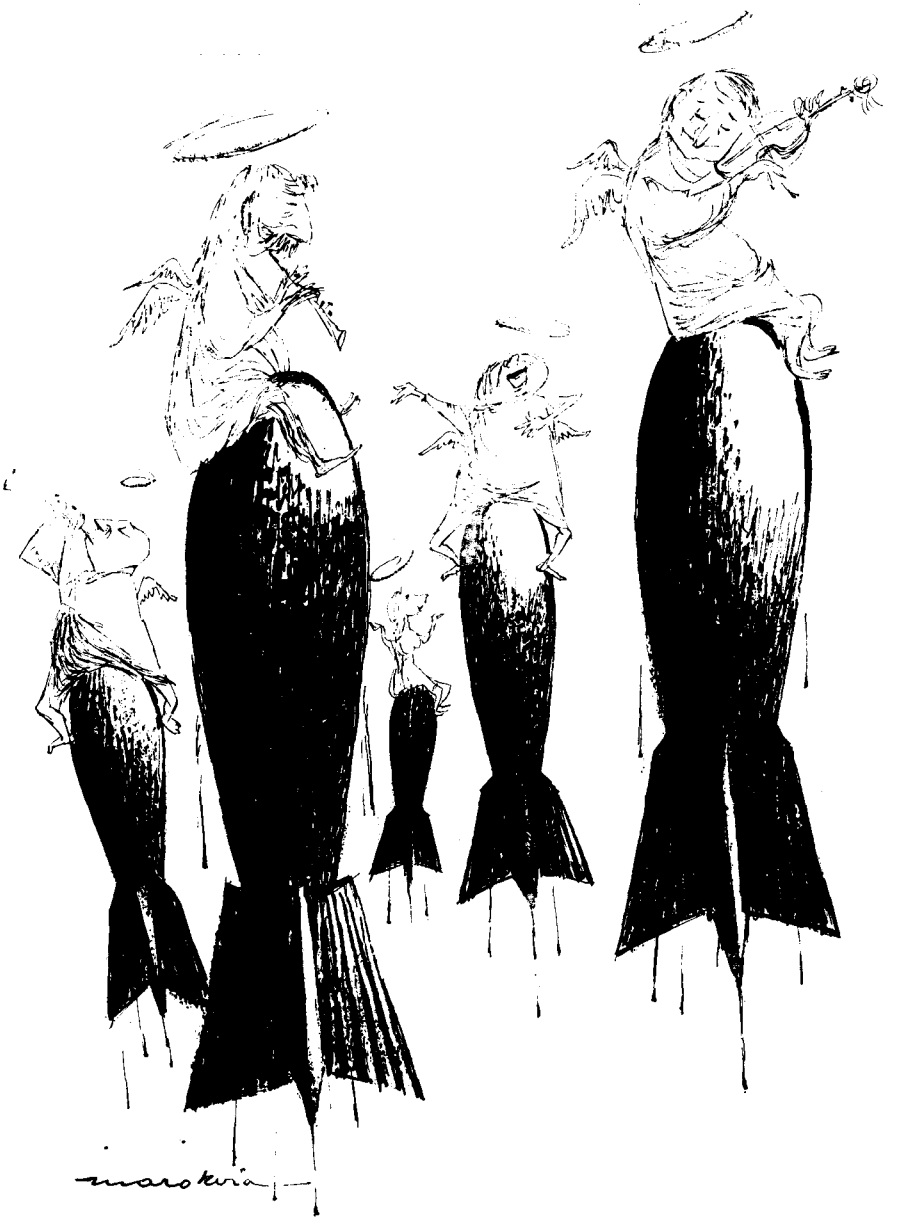
Once we recognize this change, we can do away with a major impediment to agreement. International ownership of production facilities could not prevent either side from seizing its stockpile of existing bombs. Nor would international ownership guard against the next most serious hazard, the risk of secret production. This can be met only by thorough inspection.

Here again the events since 1946 drastically change the problem. The designers of the U.N. majority's control plan believed that what was needed was an effective system of atomic inspection that would not compel an inspected nation to lay bare all of its other military secrets. Today no nation can rely on any general disarmament agreement unless it is backed up by a continuing inspection of all armed forces of the signatories as well as their basic industrial establishments.

The Russian attitude at Paris last fall concerning the inspection required for general arms reduction offered a little encouragement. Though distrustful of our plan to defer disclosure of atomic armaments to a final stage, the Russians did concede that a function of "the international control organ" should be the "checking of information by the states about the status of their armaments and armed forces."

If, as the context of the quoted report seems to suggest, this contemplates *recurrent* inspections, then another big stumbling block has been removed.

A basic difficulty of disarmament lies in the fact that the negotiating powers do not depend on the same weapons, and that we ourselves rely chiefly on a weapon whose potentialities are not fully known. Further, it is a weapon which we apparently expect to see prohibited, one way or another, even though we reject the Russian proposal to ban atomic weapons and then cut all others by a flat one-third. Perhaps we shall insist that during the period of progressive, balanced reduction of armaments which we propose, atomic weapons should be treated like any other weapons.



Boldness out of Pessimism

Surely these fundamental changes in the problem of arms control call for a fresh approach on the part of the Oppenheimer panel. But, in view of Russian intransigence, is the effort worthwhile? Three reasons argue for the attempt:

First, although we consider the Russians intransigent, they, given the record, may well think the same of us. A testing of the Soviet position is overdue.

Second, if our efforts fail to move the Russians, we shall at least have demonstrated to the free world that our desire for disarmament is as genuine as is our determination to rearm in the absence of controls.

Third, revised proposals will represent a continuing open bid to the Politburo to end the arms race. We know far too little of the inner workings of that body to predict that while our bid remains open, no faction wishing to accept it will come to power. Indeed, the very existence of the bid might help such a faction gain power.

The odds are long, but we and all mankind have much to win. In any event, what can we lose by a fair try? The predecessors of the Oppenheimer panel were bold amid the optimism of 1946; the panel cannot afford to be less bold amid the pessimism of 1952.

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Red Bridgeheads On the Subcontinent

ROBERT TRUMBULL

NEW DELHI

COMMUNIST successes in India's first national elections were a jolt to the ruling Congress Party of Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru. They surprised most foreign observers as well. Re-examining the Indian political picture on the basis of the voting, many conservative Indian analysts agree with outside opinion, including that of western diplomats here, that the next five years will be the crucial period in the struggle between Communism and democracy for control of this vast, strategically placed country.

The outcome, it is generally thought, will depend upon how successfully the Congress Government deals with the economic problems now besetting India's masses. Unless there is a perceptible improvement in the position of the common man in India, the next general elections in 1956-1957 may see a deepening of the Communist bridgehead now existing in India's Parliament and state legislative assemblies. Some observers go so far as to predict that unless Congress accomplishes something spectacular between now and 1956, control will pass to the Reds in many states.

So the next five years in India are of the deepest interest to the entire anti-Communist world. With China already in the Communist fold, India is the next biggest target on which the Reds have leveled their sights; India is now the largest democratic nation, containing nearly one-sixth of the population of the globe. Only the conquest of India remains to give the Communists full control of Asia and the adjacent strategic seas. The neighboring countries, particularly those of Southeast Asia, are not strong bastions of democracy even now, and they might well fall to the Reds before India. This eventuality would, of course, tend to hasten Communist capture of India either by peaceful means at the polls or through the method of violent agrarian uprising that has already been tested here in localized areas, notably in the Telengana region of Hyderabad State and in the little eastern State of Tripura.

Ballots and/or Bullets

While the Communist Party of India, generally referred to as the C.P.I., has officially abandoned violent methods to devote its energies to exploitation of its new political foothold, the party's leaders have quite frankly and openly told the Indian press that they consider armed revolution a legitimate means, to be employed whenever it is necessary or desirable. This is fair warning to the Nehru Government, and the various police agencies under the Home Ministry have accepted it as such. The new Communist political headquarters, in the smartest residential section of New Delhi, is believed to be under constant surveillance of the authorities. Since the elections, however, legal restrictions on the party have been lifted everywhere except in the former State of Indore, in the Madhya Bharat Union of Central India.

At present, the Communists are in a position to disrupt, if not to supplant, the Congress Administration in several important states. They have already succeeded in overturning the Congress Ministry in the Patiala and East Punjab States Union (commonly called "Pepsu"), and have installed a leftist-dominated coalition in power in this highly strategic state near the West Pakistan border.

There were only three avowed Communists in the "Pepsu" Legislative Assembly, which has a total membership of sixty. They combined with the Akali Dal (which stands for the special interests of the Sikh community) and some others to obtain a small majority which immediately voted out the Ministry appointed by the Congress Party, which has the largest single bloc in the state assembly.

The Communists have employed similar tactics in other states where they are largely and ably represented in the legislative assemblies, and have announced that they will try the same thing in the national Parliament. Unless there is a wholesale defection from Nehru's party, Congress, with 362 out of 499 members against twenty-seven for the C.P.I., will continue to hold control of Parliament. But in several important states the Congress majority will have to fight hard to retain power.

In the national Parliament the Communists and their allies, lacking real voting strength, may be expected to take advantage of the forum open to them to broaden their popular appeal among the electorate for 1956. Their numbers include many sharp and witty speakers. They have already set up a high-powered parliamentary headquarters, with sections for research, statistics, press relations, and so on.

Southern Strongholds

The principal Communist strength lies in the southern states of Madras, Hyderabad, and Travancore-Cochin. In any of these, Red-inspired coalitions are in a position to make a serious bid to turn out Ministries set up by Congress. This can be done by a simple no-confidence vote on some issue in the state assembly. It would then be incumbent upon the Congress Cabinet to resign, whereupon the state governor would have to offer the Opposition

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a chance to form a Ministry. If, as is possible, the Opposition—or Communist-dominated — Administration should be similarly defeated in an assembly vote, the next probability would be a new election in the affected state. Just now this latter proposition is a rather frightening one, since the Communists would stand to profit at the polls under the present conditions of famine in various parts of the country and generally high food prices.

Congress has lost "Pepsu" and has only a toehold on power in the three big southern states. In these states, Congress, though the largest single party, barely controls half the total assembly votes. In Madras, Congress as a bloc is outweighed by a coalition of the C.P.I. with the Kisan Mazdoor Praja (Peoples-Workers-Peasants) Party and other Opposition elements. Congress, somewhat reluctantly on the part of jealous local politicians, installed the strong and clever Chakravarti Rajagopalachari as chief Minister in order to hold the Opposition at bay. "C.R.," who came out of his second retirement to try to save Madras for Congress, is one of the most implacable foes of Communism in all India.

Whether Congress can or will take the steps necessary to halt the march of Communism through the villages of India is something that simply remains to be seen. Nehru has shown keen awareness of the danger that exists as a result of the last elections, and has taken Congress as a whole to task for the grave deficiencies that resulted in many of the Communist victories at the polls. Whether Congressmen in general have been waked up to the realities of the situation is questionable. If they have not, their next lesson at the hands of the voters may be a final and fatal one.

As Nehru and other Congress leaders have pointed out, the Communists went into the villages and got close to the people, while too many Congress functionaries were content to sit back and enjoy the fruits of power. How Communists have misled the peasant voters is another matter. Congress, smug in its consciousness of virtue as the standard bearer of Indian independence, failed to take the necessary steps to hold the confidence of the electorate in areas where the Communists were working hardest.

Bowles's Bet

The United States has undertaken to help Nehru in his efforts to raise living standards of the Indian masses. This is one of the ways—probably the most important way—in which the Nehru Government can defeat Communism, but the program as it stands leaves the outcome touch and go. U.S. Ambassador Chester Bowles is ahead of many Americans in his understanding that Nehru is our best bet against the Reds in India, and he is plugging hard for an appropriation of approximately $1 billion to help New Delhi finance village improvement projects. In four years, according to Bowles, these would increase agricultural production for a third of India's population by as much as fifty per cent. At this writing, only $54 million has been granted India, but results on this comparatively small scale have been encouraging.

The men who really run India, starting with Nehru himself, do not want the country to go Communist. The charge often made in the United States that Nehru is "Red" is sheer poppycock, based on the most inadequate and superficial information. He is described by his intimates as being to the Left economically, to the Right politically. It must be realized, of course, that a personality now listed as rightist in Asia would be considered quite leftist by many in the United States today.

In any case, being leftist doesn't mean being Stalinist, and I am convinced, after many private conversations with Nehru, that he is anything but that. Though there may be disagreements on various particular issues, such as the Japanese peace treaty, in all fundamentals of the world struggle now going on Nehru is on our side. Examination of his own public statements leaves no question of this. As Congress Party boss as well as Prime Minister, Nehru has the major responsibility for seeing to it that his Administration makes good with the Indian people, and his final success or failure will probably be reflected in the 1956 general elections.

India's Own Point Four

The wealthier democracies can help by providing the external financing that Nehru must have in order to carry out his five-year plan. The United States is not the only country that is doing so, although our economy is the only one strong enough at the present time to make a contribution sufficiently large to affect India's problem. The other British Commonwealth nations, together with Switzerland and Norway, are also helping, or have plans to do so in proportion to their resources. It may not be realized that India itself is also contributing heavily from its sterling funds and its reservoir of talent to help not only itself but also other underdeveloped countries through the Colombo Plan (the British Commonwealth program for the economic development of South and Southeast Asia) and

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through various United Nations special agencies.

A glance at the map is enough to show what the world Communist movement is up to in India. The Reds are most active in Assam, the two Bengals (East Bengal is the largest province in Pakistan), Madras, Hyderabad, Travancore-Cochin, Delhi, and "Pepsu." The aim is the establishment of a series of Communist pockets extending, in a path roughly the shape of a scimitar, from the borders of China and Tibet to Cape Comorin. Such a position would enable the Communists to exploit the existing rivalry and suspicion between north and south India, and also various provincial jealousies. In addition, the Reds now have a foothold in India's capital, and their establishment in "Pepsu" gives them a bridgehead on the western border. In the north, they are working on the independent Kingdom of Nepal. Taking into consideration the situation in Assam and on the eastern frontier, one can see how the Reds may develop three prongs into the heart of the country, while fanning out from the south as well.

In five years the picture must change. Which way the trend goes depends, quite plainly, upon Nehru's success in altering the conditions upon which Communism fattens. Right now, the whole proposition is a question mark that the democracies elsewhere cannot overlook except at grave peril.

Russian Orders And French Blood

THEODORE H. WHITE

PARIS

IN AN UNPRECEDENTED outburst of violence, the French Communist Party has unveiled a new political strategy in recent weeks. The strategy, conceived in Moscow, has exposed French Communists to their bleakest failure in five years. But even this failure reveals the new pitch of perfection to which Communist technicians of the street battle have developed their skills.

Scarcely a single Parisian born in the working-class slums has not heard from someone in his family just how a *"flic"* can be sandbagged or how cobblestones and fences can be torn up to make barricades. In its present highly developed form, however, the street battle in France dates only from 1947, the year the Communists were expelled from the Cabinet and the forces of the government turned to face them across paving blocks in public places. In 1947 Frenchmen realized that in many great cities control of the streets was in the hands of the Communist Party.

Reorganization of the French police system to meet the Communist challenge began in the fall of 1947 and had barely reached a minimum level of safety when the insurrectionary strikes of mid-October broke. The system survived only through the most skillful improvisation and the desperate shifting of security companies here and there about the country. By 1948, however, the security-police system was firmly established, and by 1949 it was perfected in its present form.

French internal security now rests on a highly elaborate machine, the command of which is divided between the Minister of Interior and the Minister of National Defense.

The Minister of Interior, who commands all national police across France, holds the first line of resistance. In Paris there are nineteen thousand municipal policemen. Special squads are trained in riot tactics, and up to five thousand may be mobilized in a single day.

Backing up the municipal police system is the C.R.S.—Companies of Republican Security—an elite mobile force of fourteen thousand blue-uniformed, black-helmeted troopers which was organized in 1947 with the specific purpose of breaking up demonstrations, mass violence, and insurrection. In the C.R.S. are some of the toughest men in France, sternly disciplined and brutal when turned loose on mobs; their most impressive technique is that of slugging a demonstration into the ground without shooting and without killing. They live in barracks on constant alert, and when they move by road in their green trucks, complete with radio equipment, bedding, and mobile kitchens, they travel at a route speed nearly double that of an army column. Up to eight thousand of them can be concentrated at a single point in twenty-four hours.

Gardes Mobiles and Gendarmes

If the Minister of Interior finds these forces insufficient in a crisis, the French Army has reserves on call. For civil strife the French Army keeps ready some sixty thousand men divided among gendarmes and *gardes mobiles.* The gendarmes, dressed in blue, live like American state troopers in posts of five to one hundred, discharging normal police functions in rural areas. The *gardes mobiles* are regular soldiers—khaki-clad, armed with rifles and automatic weapons, stationed in barracks, ready to make actual war.

The Communist apparatus that opposes these government forces can be less precisely described. It has fallen

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from a postwar high of more than a million dues-paying members to a roster that government agents set at 485,000. Of this number, at least 305,000 are said to be active members—meeting-goers, demonstrators, placard-pasters. Then there is a bureaucracy of fourteen thousand Communist functionaries, who draw their pay either directly from the party or from the CGT, the large trade-union federation which the party controls. Within this corps of zealots are the *"durs,"* shock troops who can be called out for actual combat. It is estimated that three thousand *"durs"* are residents of Paris.

This machinery is augmented by the power of eighteen daily newspapers, twenty-eight national magazines, half a dozen major front organizations, and control of a great trade-union federation. Since the war, party direction has swung back and forth, now concentrating on political action in the classical forums of opinion, now reverting to mass action and bloodshed in the streets. (Both forms of activity, according to Communist theory, cross-fertilize and brace each other until the day of final insurrection.) Now the party has swung back, after three years of dialectics, to violence.

'Capping' a Riot

In the early postwar years, Communist riot tactics were primitive but effective. In those days riots would bud spontaneously at the colorful open-air markets of the villages and in city neighborhoods where housewives would voice indignation at food shortages, high prices, and the black market. Standing orders for every Communist cell in France, up through 1947, were to "cap" these riots within two hours or be summoned to account. "Capping" meant that the riot should be invaded, taken over, and directed to protest targets selected by Red leaders.

In 1948 and 1949, with the simmering down of post-liberation excitement and the end of food shortages, these riots ended and Communists reverted to the more orthodox pattern of the "set-piece" protest demonstrations. Selecting an issue which they considered popular or camouflaging it under the names of their various front organizations, they attempted to fill the squares at fixed times with such masses that sheer weight of numbers would make the demonstration a success.

This tactic fitted into the development of French police thinking perfectly. The master doctrine of the French police today is one of mobility and concentration, the central idea being not to face the mob with just sufficient force but to concentrate against it such huge numbers of men that the contrast of strength in itself is overwhelming. With their liaison spotter planes above and radio control command cars on the ground, the French police have learned how easy it is to counter the herdlike drifting of a mob.

A Big Show for Ike

The police finally proved themselves the unchallenged masters of concentrated demonstrations at the Eisenhower protest demonstration of January, 1951. Seven thousand Communist-led demonstrators tried to filter, individually or in small groups, to the Place de l'Etoile at the evening hour when the streets were full of people on their way home. The police dispersed in concentric rings around the Etoile and the avenues that radiate from it, swept down on them in squads, and whisked 3,267 Communists away in Black Marias for overnight detention in jail.

The 1951 Eisenhower riot was the occasion of serious tactical reflection by the party's high command. From what can be gleaned from Communist publications, the party decided that future demonstrations needed better organization.

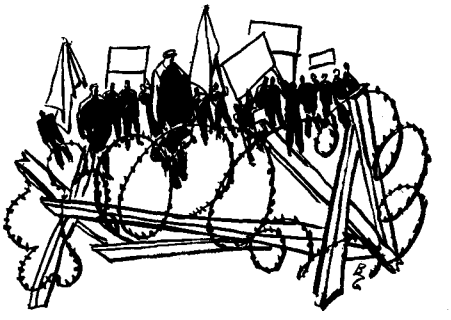
First, a higher order of street leadership was required. Most of the mature leaders of the Communist Party had hung back and left the actual guidance of the groups in the street to youngsters. Second, the party decided that the tactic of converging on and infiltrating the set point of the demonstration was futile. Third, it was decided that the individual commitment of the rioters to action made them easy prey for police. In the future, phalanxes of demonstrators would be ordered to form at their factories or neighborhood cells, far away from the demonstration, and then descend on the target in cohesive groups.

Intensive study was devoted last year to these tactics in training schools for Communist cadres. The first major application of these new tactics came in the demonstration late this May to protest the arrival of General Matthew Ridgway. The scene was to be the Place de la République.

The Place de la République is not only the biggest subway intersection in Paris (five subway lines cross there, with exits that can be used as sally ports), but it is also on the border zone where the great boulevards give way to the foothills of Belleville and Montmartre, where Paris insurrections have been starting since 1789. The police countered by closing all subway exits on the Place de la République and pouring into the square a mass of several thousand troops and guards. In their huge black trucks, lined up hubcap to hubcap in the square and on its main approaches for a quarter of a mile around, the police waited.

During the months since the last great demonstration, Communist tacticians had evolved squads of shock groups, or commandos, to act as spearheads for their columns. These shock groups had collected at surburban factories and had armed themselves before they set out for battle with staves and clubs whose heads were studded with nails. Commandos from Belleville, the grimmest and saddest of the Parisian industrial districts, came down from the hills around the Place de la République, tore up the cobblestones, and attempted to throw up a barricade across one of the main streets leading into the area.

From Aubervilliers, an industrial



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suburb, a shock group of four or five hundred came in compact formation, getting off at the Gare du Nord, more than a mile and a half from the Place de la République, and charged police pickets at the station. The group was mostly young men and women, with a heavy stiffening of North Africans. This group not only drove in the smaller police outposts but also succeeded in drawing fire. One North African was killed by police fire. Several other demonstrators were wounded, and two hundred police were injured, twenty or so of them severely enough to be hospitalized.

Simultaneously, at the offices of anti-Communist papers, at the gates of Paris, at Versailles and in half a dozen other Parisian suburbs, Communist rioters took to the streets for protest demonstrations. The mastery of the streets in the Ridgway demonstration was never seriously in doubt from the moment the police opened fire and used tear gas, but what alarmed the police and has alarmed the French government into its subsequent harsh repressive action was the precise coordination of Communist demonstrations in Paris and throughout France.

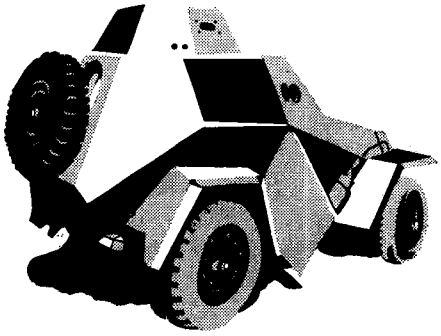
Unpopular Front

The Communist leaders thus are left contemplating a paradox. From a purely tactical point of view, the Ridgway riots were the most successful adventure in years—they produced one martyr, thoroughly frightened the masses of the population in the workers' districts, drove in several police outposts, and drew police fire in the capital for the first time in four years.

From the strategic point of view, however, the result of the application of the new tactics was perhaps the greatest blunder the Communists have made in postwar France. For the hard-headed leadership of the French Communist Party, it is probably little consolation that the strategy and timing were not of their own devising but had been ordained by Russian directive.

Since early spring, Communist parties all over the world (with the apparent exception of Italy) have switched to a tough "slug-it-out-in-the-streets" line, evidenced by the spring riots in Tokyo, the Ruhr, and Paris. The main objective everywhere is to disturb the peace in the key areas of American strategy. Specific directives were brought back to France by François Billoux, who served as France's Minister of National Defense in the last Cabinet that included Communists. Billoux returned from a three-week trip to Russia early this April and published the directive of the new tough line in *France Nouvelle* and subsequently in *Cahiers du Communisme,* the two most important official party organs.

The Ridgway riots were the first opportunity to apply the new line. They highlighted as rarely before the clash between "pure" revolutionary strategy



and "Russian" revolutionary strategy. This clash occurs not over the use of violence but over the situation in which violence is applied. The Communists in such countries as France cannot hope to create a profound disturbance or seize eventual power unless their shock troops in the streets are supported by popular indignation. The commitment of force against the police requires, therefore, not only the elaborate preparation of street weapons and tactics but also the preparation of sympathetic popular opinion.

For the Eisenhower riot of 1951, the Communists were able to draw out large numbers of non-Communist demonstrators because they built up the riots as a protest against German rearmament, clamoring that Eisenhower had come to re-create the Wehrmacht. The recent Ridgway riot, which was much more skillfully directed in the streets, took place the day after the signing of the European defense pact that sealed and sanctified the raising of new German divisions, to the indignation of thousands of Frenchmen. But the French Communist Party could not take advantage of this indignation, since Russia itself had come out a few weeks previously in favor of a new German national army. Communist organizers could not summon into the streets the tens of thousands of former deportees, prisoners of war, and anti-Nazis who might have been willing to demonstrate against Germany—but not against Ridgway, who had helped liberate France in 1944 as the commander of the 82nd Airborne Division. When the Communist shock troops went into the streets, they went alone.

To compound this isolation, the new Russian strategy of toughness led the French Communists into an even greater blunder a few days later. Since their leader, Jacques Duclos, through either stupidity or carelessness, had let himself be caught in the riot area and arrested, the party next committed the entire apparatus of the CGT to an unlimited general strike for his release. This strike failed totally. It closed only one major plant in France—the Renault works—for one day. But even there, on the second day the Communist commandos were isolated and thrown out into the street by groups organized among workers in the most solidly Communist-controlled plant in France. The Reds, of course, censured Duclos for causing all this.

Will Pinay Crowd His Luck?

The isolation of the Communists and their reduction to the status of political guerrillas might be a matter for complacency in France were it not for the temptation it offers the present Government. France today is governed by the most conservative Cabinet there has been since before the war. Flushed with its successes, it has already arrested more than sixty suspect Communist trade-unionists and taken a number of other suspects from their homes to be held without trial.

The problems of defending democracy against totalitarian threats from within are infinitely complicated. For a Government that is moving Right as fast as possible, the temptation to crowd the edges of freedom is huge. The Government of Antoine Pinay has so far made little if any effort to get at the roots of a misery that leaves half of France embittered and festering in poverty and slums. If the workers have turned their backs on the Communists, they have not yet shown any affection for the Government. As one worker at the Renault plant put it, "They've got the Communists on the inside and the police on the outside. I say the hell with both of them."

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No News, or, What Killed the Dog

MARY McCARTHY

This article is based on a speech given by the author at the American Committee for Cultural Freedom conference in March, 1952.

THE TERM "cultural freedom" is on everybody's tongue today. It is contended that we in America have it and the Russians don't, that we in America don't have it, that we are losing it; a committee exists to defend it, yet even within that committee there appears to be disagreement as to what cultural freedom is and hence whether it is imperiled, say by Senator McCarthy or by the activities of Communist schoolteachers or by both or neither.

Twenty years ago, by contrast, a definition of cultural freedom would not have been difficult. It would have had to do with freedom of expression: the right of ideas and works of art to circulate without interference. The campaign for cultural freedom after the First World War was a series of engagements against censorship: There was the battle of *Jurgen,* of *Ulysses,* the battle of evolution at the Scopes trial in Tennessee, the battle of the school textbooks in Chicago. Judge Woolsey's decision on *Ulysses* in 1934 was felt to be the turning point. It was a conclusive victory for the conceptions of the Renaissance and the Reformation, for the human nude, for the hymnody of the flesh, for the freedom of inquiry, for science, for the rights of secularism, for a Faustian conception of man. In the public libraries, locked cases were opened and banned volumes came out into the light. Everywhere, on all fronts, the censors fled in confusion.

At the customs, modernist sculptures were photographed, in victory parade, entering without duty, as legitimate works of art; museums hung controversial paintings, around which a curious public marveled. With the removal of the fig leaf, not only the human nude was licensed, but distortions and refractions of the human nude came under the same franchise; with the classic, and under its humanist sanction, came the anti-classic, the experimental.

Tout Va Très Bien

Today, this victory is held by many people, including its own veterans, to be secure in America. The banning of the movie "The Miracle" or the suppression of *Memoirs of Hecate County* is regarded as an isolated episode, unfortunate but atypical—so atypical, in fact, that it can even be mildly condoned. An occasional breakthrough of Philistinism is felt to be only natural on the part of a defeated enemy. Even when instances multiply, comparisons with the Soviet Union or with the book-burning Nazis reinforce the sense of general national well-being, of a cultural health so buoyant as to require no special attention: "Ain't no news, boss; it's jest that your dog died." Or, in the words of the French popular song based on that old recitation, *tout va très bien,** it is felt, on the cultural front, and sporadic fire from the enemy, like Representative Dondero, the man who hates modern art, is listened to with amused annoyance, like the sound of an old musket going off. President Truman may call modern artists "nutty" and have a philistine taste in music, but, unlike Premier Stalin, he does not exact uniformity from artists as the price of survival.

So much must certainly be granted by any rational person: Cultural freedom, in the old-fashioned sense of the freedom of works of art and ideals to circulate, is still more or less intact in the United States. Howard Fast may serve a jail term, but his books are in currency. Fast is even able to take a full-page ad in the New York *Times* book section to promote the sale of his latest. The Communist leaders may be jailed, but the Communist books and pamphlets which constitute, presumably, the theoretic basis for their actions are still available to the public. The impounding of "Red" literature which was characteristic of the A. Mitchell Palmer raids of 1919-1920 does not characterize our own period. Indeed, many people who favor outlawing the Communist Party favor at the same time the teaching of Communist classics in colleges (by anti-Communist pedagogues), as a sort of preventive medicine. *Tout va très bien.*

Communist texts may be propounded, but Communists may not teach—it is this singularity of our period that permits some defenders of cultural freedom to take pride in the state of our native liberties. The little abuses that can be pointed out can be regarded in this light as the *necessary* by-products of a free, pluralistic society, since one of freedom's prerogatives is the prerogative not to be perfect, to make mistakes (always called "honest" mistakes), to be overzealous and excessive. "To err is human," etc. And the right to err, bountifully conferred on officialdom, comes to be taken as a sign of a living, healthy social organism.

Finally, in this sequence, freedom to criticize is held to compensate for the

*The song, popular around 1940, deals with how, after an absence, Mme. la Marquise calls up her château to find out how things are going. Everything's fine, she's told; it's just that her gray mare is dead. Full of concern, she asks how it happened, and one servant after another takes the phone to tell her that everything is fine, except for a few little nothings connected with the mare's death. It turns out that the mare died when the stable caught fire from the burning château; the château caught fire when a candlestick was knocked over during the search for the bullet that killed M. le Marquis who had shot himself on receiving the news that he was ruined financially. However, aside from these little events leading to the death of the gray mare, everything is fine, fine, fine.

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freedom to err—this is the American system. If one points out, for example, the many absurdities and cruelties of the McCarran Act, the arbitrary refusal of visas without any kind of due process, the separation of families for some "crime" committed by one member in the long-ago past, one is assured, gently, that one has the freedom to criticize, as though this freedom, *in itself,* as it attaches to a single individual, counterbalanced the unjust law on the books. This sacred right of criticism is always invoked whenever abuses are mentioned, just as the free circulation of ideas and works of art is offered as evidence of a basic cultural freedom. Whenever we hear of some injustice, we remind ourselves that the *Daily Worker* and the *Compass* may be found on newsstands, that Owen Lattimore's *Ordeal by Slander* was a best-seller.

Communists Under the Counter

The ideas circulate and the individual is imprisoned—this, I fear, is the paradox toward which our society is floating, almost against its will. I have heard it said in all innocent plausibility that the Committee for Cultural Freedom ought not to criticize Senator McCarthy because McCarthyism is not a cultural phenomenon but an "event" in the sphere of politics, quite independent of culture, i.e., of books and statuary. The ideas circulate but the individual is impounded; this is true of present-day America, even in the realm of sexual morals, where there is great license of expression combined with limitations on action. Homosexual literature circulates and enjoys wide popularity, but homosexuality is a crime, for which one can be arrested. In politics, one finds the same contradiction; in the case of Howard Fast, in the case of the Communist leaders, in the case of the Hollywood screenwriters. The ideas circulate; the individual holding them may be jailed.

This is something very new and quite the contrary of what happened in the 1920's, when a book was prosecuted in court while the author remained relatively undisturbed. Even in the case of Mr. Lattimore, one observes something of the same thing. It is his biography, his personal conversations and meetings, whom he lunched with, what he wrote in a private letter, that are the principal targets of investigation; his right to express his ideas is conceded. The whole tendency of his Congressional investigators is to brush aside his books and articles and get down to motive and agency.

This is classical liberalism's uneasy response to the challenge offered it by Communism. The Communist stands in a novel relation to ideas. He does not express ideas in the old, individualistic way, as effusions of his personality. Rather, he is an implementation of ideas; an idea, so to speak, disappears into him and is subsumed. He becomes an idea in action, an applied idea, which society now moves to suppress as it once moved to suppress an offensive picture or a doctrine embodied in a book. It is the Communist now who is under the counter, while the book is on the display table. The Communist's concealment of his ideas and motives makes him very difficult for classical liberalism to defend. Yet when he is reproached with this concealment, he insists that capitalist society will penalize him if he expresses his convictions openly. This is true enough; yet it leads into mazes of ambiguity, since society's proscription of him and its perplexity before him rest, to a large extent, on the conspiratorial character of his work. He presents himself as a danger precisely because of the lying façade he shows society; yet was it society, originally, which invited him into the role of a conspirator?

In any case, here and now, there is a natural desire on the part of the ordinary straightforward citizen to expose him, to make him acknowledge what he is; this was felt by many people about the Hiss case. It was not that one wanted Hiss to be punished for passing the papers but simply to declare what he was, to tell the truth. Yet the professional Communist, and by dutiful imitation the fellow traveler, will never divulge his ideas. He would rather go to jail than proclaim them, as in the past a liberal or social revolutionary would rather go to jail than *not* proclaim them. One feels a kind of fury with Lattimore for the fact that he will not proclaim what seems sufficiently obvious from his writings, that he was some species of fellow traveler. This is not an indictable crime, but the man will not acknowledge it. Hence an understandable desire to wring the facts from him, by means of his biography, by means of letters and conversations and luncheons; one can even understand a temptation to frame him, though one should not of course yield to it. What one is after (I am speaking as a liberal) is not the ruin of Lattimore but the reconstitution of the old clear-cut unambiguous relation between a man and his beliefs.

The Compulsion to Confess

This is perhaps a lost hope, a form of romanticism. Certainly, in some of its manifestations, it borders on the demand for "confessions" that rules in totalitarian societies. In the activities of *Counterattack* and *Red Channels,* there is something very similar to the psychological pressure exerted by the MVD on its victims: The erring radio performer or night-club artist, blacklisted, is permitted to perform again if he confesses to having been the dupe or tool of the Communists, denounces his fellow sinners, and makes his peace with society.

But even here there is a distinction. In the Soviet Union, a man is ordered to confess to crimes that were never committed by him or anyone else —sabotage, poisoning of wells, plots with the German General Staff, attempts on the life of Stalin, and so on, and to involve others, equally innocent, in his imaginary outrages. With *Red Channels* and *Counterattack,* on the contrary, the accused is expected to accept as a crime something of his own doing (membership in an organization) which is not a crime but which he must now see as one if he is to be restored to good standing. In short, he is to take his definition of what is criminal from these ex-FBI agents who have appointed themselves guardians of his conscience.

This idea is, of course, monstrous, yet it is not without its parallels in the intellectually more reputable world, where a man is expected to confess to having made a "grave" mistake about China before he can be received back into the fold. On the other hand, it is still reasonable to expect that a man will acknowledge kinship with his own ideas and deeds, even those that are now unpopular. Despite the changed political climate and all the rest of it, we are not really oversimplifying, as some people charge, if we ask Hiss to admit that he passed the papers —assuming, of course, that he did. As liberals, we must not demand that he concur retroactively in our view of this

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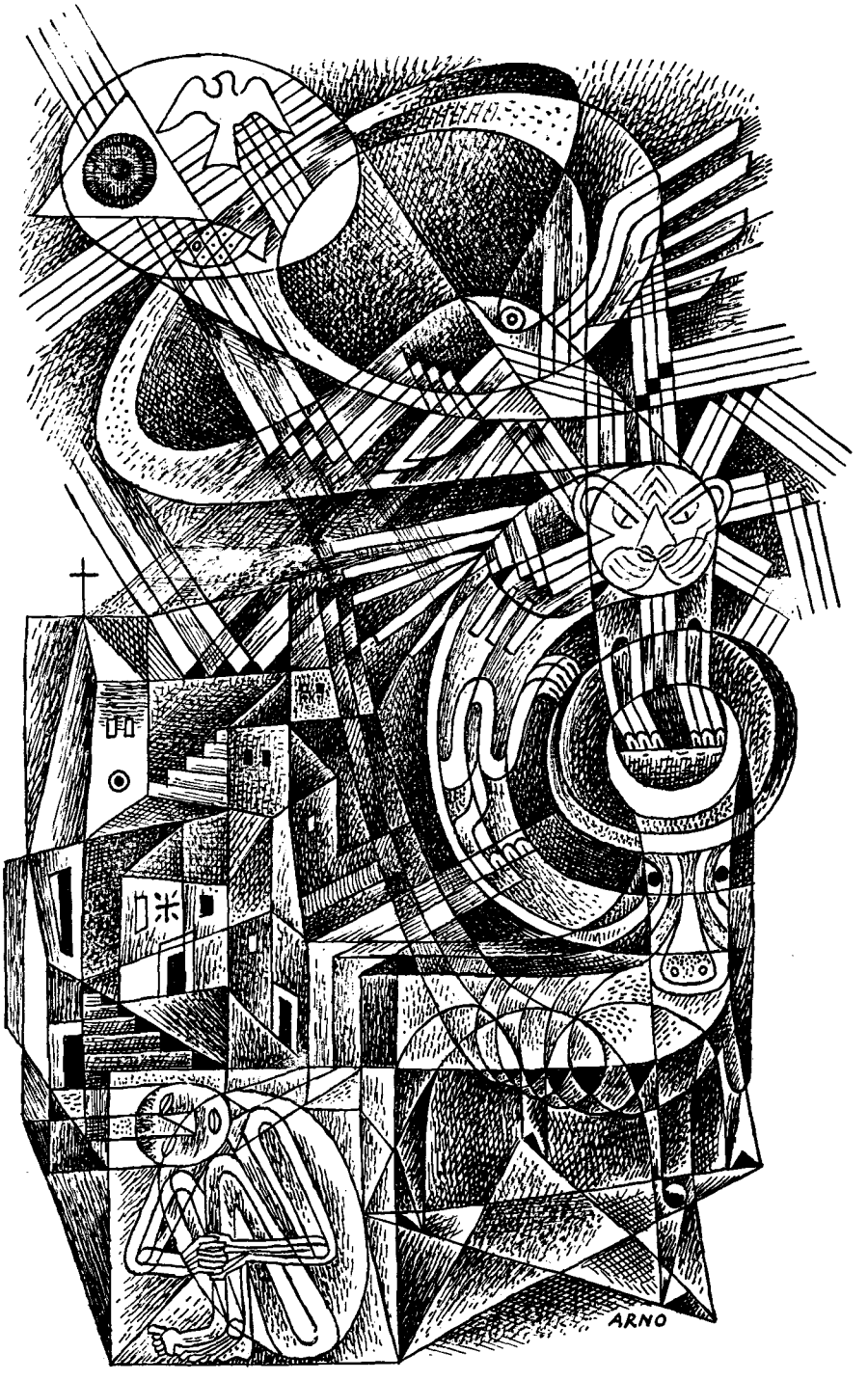
action, but we feel we have a certain claim to be told the bare, factual truth about it. To think otherwise, surely, would be to conceive of lying as a right.

And yet, as we see, police methods are failing to elicit the desired result. Alger Hiss is in the penitentiary, but he continues to tantalize us. We wanted the truth and all we got was his body, a mere husk in convict clothing. Many people remain unconscious of this distinction, except as they experience a sense of vague frustration toward such persons as Hiss, Remington, and Lattimore; a sense of the unconsummated hangs over all these trials. Hence, there remains in this country an enormous anxiety on the subject of Communism, which is admittedly not a menace in any practical internal sense. This anxiety is a response not only to an external military danger but to this experience of bafflement in dealing with the underground man, the fair-faced conspirator —Hamlet's emotion toward Claudius, who could smile and smile and be a villain still. Like Hamlet, faced with this depthless possibility, we turn to making mousetraps to catch the conscience of the king, the usurper of the liberal succession.

The 'Objective' Stalinist

Every amateur endeavors to become a specialist in the detection of Communism. The ideas expressed by an individual become suspect, not in themselves but as clues to a hidden involvement. Certain constellations of ideas are automatically suspicious: A person who favors racial equality, say, plus progressive education, plus peace, minus Senator McCarthy and the McCarran Act, minus teachers' oaths, is regarded as a poor security risk, not only by the government, not only by his acquaintances and employers, but even by himself. He must try either to suppress some of these clues or to produce a counter-clue. A denunciation of Stalinism used to be thought sufficient, but nowadays in some quarters it is not enough. Something more positive is asked for: approval of Chiang or of the "work" of the McCarran Committee; otherwise you may be labeled as "objectively" pro-Communist, whatever your subjective beliefs. Such guarantees of "objective" solidarity are demanded not only by the extreme Right but by the so-called Left. In order to perform or work for the Columbia Broadcasting System you have to sign a loyalty oath which is presented with your contract, while in the circle of Carey McWilliams and the *Nation* you are required to believe in Lattimore's total injured innocence if you are to escape being detected as a McCarthyite. In other circles, approval of progressive education or a belief in cultural anthropology or in the Sullivan school of psychiatry or in the abstract school of American painting is mandatory if you do not wish to admit that you are a reactionary. In some places, on the opposite side of the fence, the idea that Louis Budenz is a saint is an article of faith.

These are private forms of the loyalty oath prescribed in the cultural sphere: you have to be "cleared" culturally to work with various groups. If you are a doctor practicing in a Catholic hospital in Poughkeepsie, you must furnish guarantees that you are not associated with a birth-control organization; this



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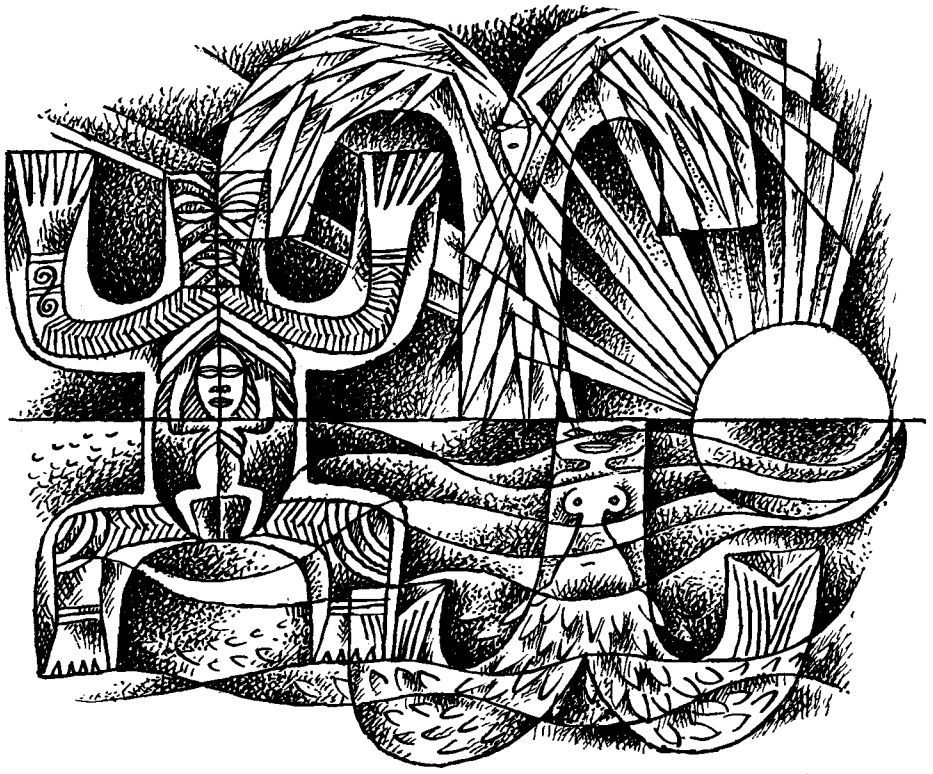

is, succinctly, a demand for loyalty. You will have difficulty entering the country if at any time you belonged to a subversive organization, never mind what your opinions are now. If you wish a passport to travel abroad, your trip must be deemed "in the best interests of the United States." Hence, if a citizen cannot show a total and positive belongingness, he may be subject, without trial, to what amounts to house arrest within the territory of the United States. This happened to Corliss Lamont and Paul Robeson, and may happen to anyone. When Secretary Wallace, an official of the government, was making speeches in England that Secretary Forrestal did not like, Forrestal recommended that his passport be withdrawn. Those who criticize such procedures are told that no citizen has a Constitutional right to a passport, just as no doctor has a Constitutional right to practice in a Poughkeepsie hospital. Undoubtedly; but it is not an issue of rights but of what is desirable in an open society.

The Contented Suspect

The evil done by the passport policy and by exclusions and detentions under the McCarran Act is not only specific but pervasive. Apologists for the American Way of Life find themselves condoning injustices, defensively, lest they seem to be giving aid to Communism, while various groups are encouraged by government precedent to exact total conformity on their own.

I recently talked to a man, an anti-Communist demi-intellectual, who had been nine months getting cleared by the government because through some bureaucratic error he had been listed as a former Communist Party member. This person, far from deploring what had happened to him, positively welcomed it. "I am glad to suffer," he said piously, "if our society can be safe." He did not dare resent even in his soul this concrete injustice lest he fall into the mortal sin of being "objectively" pro-Communist. Such a person, when pressed, will admit that there is no internal Communist menace now, but will express great fears of the "softness" of the American mentality, which lies open to decay, like a carious sweet tooth. In the course of our conversation, he expressed the thought that a well-known humorous magazine ought to be investigated by Congress, not because it was subversive but because it was "soft."

The idea of a society, stern, resolute, dedicated, hard, has made tremendous headway with certain intellectuals and demi-intellectuals, particularly of the ex-fellow-traveler and ex-party-member type. They see the mass of ordinary people, who fortunately at this moment do not share these fears and obsessions and retain a sense of proportion, as so much damp plasticine to be molded into a harder form through constant indoctrination. These so-called "experts" have carried with them into the democratic camp the emergency mentality of totalitarianism, like a germ in its dormant phase that has incubated in the fetid atmosphere of the world crisis. For these people, cultural freedom, in the sense of the genuine freedom of individuals, must be deferred until some future date when everybody will be in total agreement; on that date, it can be afforded. It is such people, sad to say, in a new *trahison des clercs,* who threaten cultural freedom from within as they make common cause with the enemy from without—with Senator McCarthy, Senator McCarran, *Counterattack, Red Channels,* and all those who demand a clean bill of health, a sterile biography. They make this alliance, sometimes with repugnance, sometimes with an air of sorrow, but sternly, as good citizens, pointing always, in justification, to the cases of Hiss and Judith Coplon and Remington and the Rosenbergs, who have made the alliance "necessary."

Yet it is just such conspirators who generally present aseptic biographies and who elude all our attempts to elicit the truth from them by confrontation and material evidence. If we execute the Rosenbergs, we still will not have their confessions. We can punish them for their overt actions, but they will retain the secret of their thoughts and motives, remaining to the last a quiet ordinary Bronx couple, keeping themselves to themselves. What we will do, however, if we persist in our demands for loyalty, a positive citizenship, testimonials, confessions of error, in the investigative methods of McCarthy and McCarran, will be to create new underground men behind the façade of conformity, new lies, new evasions, new human beings who float like glittering icebergs on the surface of society, with the perilous eight-ninths submerged. We will live in a society of surfaces, where papers and books circulate freely, like so many phantom abstractions, while their human authors and readers have been suppressed or excluded from the country.

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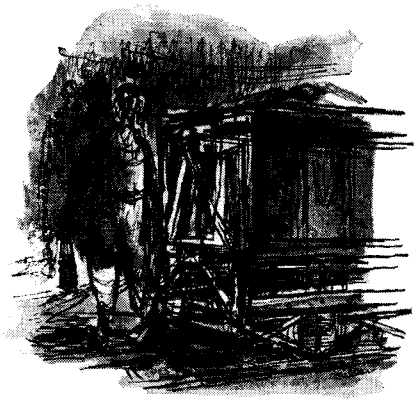

Bevan's Challenge To American Policy

ELAINE TANNER

IN PLACE OF FEAR, by Aneurin Bevan. *Simon and Schuster. $3.00.*

UNTIL very recently, American commentators applied a simple formula to the phenomenon of the British left-wing Labourite Aneurin Bevan: Count his strength; discount his ideas. The important facts were that he was anti-American and that he was opposing the size and speed of his government's rearmament program. Therefore, only one question was worth considering: What are Bevan's chances of winning control over the Labour Party and becoming Prime Minister?

The formula produced convenient and comforting answers. Although Bevan's following increased noticeably among the active party workers in the local constituencies, his marked weakness in the trade unions seemed a permanent barrier to his ever becoming a considerable party leader. When he spoke in the House of Commons or to his constituents in the Ebbw Vale mining district of Wales, he stood clearly against the current level of defense expenditure; but what he was for was frequently not so clear. He could, therefore, be dismissed as a demagogue. When he put out two butcher-paper pamphlets, *One Way Only* and *Going Our Way,* their content was dismissed as the campaign literature of a class-conscious political opportunist.

Then, in the middle of April, 1952, a surprising thing happened. Britain's sixth largest union, the Shop Distributive and Allied Workers, endorsed the Bevan policy overwhelmingly. With the publication at about the same time of *In Place of Fear,* Bevan suddenly rose above the role of irresponsible extremist. In this, his first book, the demagogic politician bids for recognition as a political theorist self-educated in non-Communist Marxism, a public administrator who is both explicit and sincere when discussing his National Health Service, a humanitarian in an age of power politicians, and a self-styled "true Socialist."

In his speech before the House of Commons on April 23, 1951, when he resigned as Minister of Labour, Bevan challenged the rearmament program of the Government on grounds of economic feasibility. By the time of last fall's British elections, he was opposing rearmament as unnecessary in the light of Russia's unwarlike motives. Today, he regards western armament as a positive diplomatic error. To an American, his exposition of this last thesis is the most interesting part of his book.

Bevan Says Yes

The title of the book is at once a rebuke to U.S. foreign policy and an introduction to Bevan's alternative. Neither America's European allies nor its potential Asian allies know what U.S. policy really is, says Bevan. If it be the "American Way of Life" (and to Bevan that is property-and-poverty-breeding capitalism, not political democracy), these nations are not particularly interested in preserving it in America or fostering it in their own countries. They know that, in the process, their own weak economies must suffer further inflation and further diversion of resources from social services. They are not convinced, says Bevan, that external threats are greater than internal ones aggravated by too much rearmament too fast. Basically, the United States and the western European nations following its lead are bound together only by American-inspired fear of Communism. And, says Bevan, "Fear is a very bad adviser."

What should replace fear? Bevan answers, "the defeat of hunger in its most literal physical sense." Truman's Point Four plan was fine, he concedes, "but unfortunately it [was] represented to the American people as the bulwark against the spread of Communism. Korea raised the question: Have we time for Point Four to operate? At once the military experts say no!" Mr. Bevan says yes. His reasons lie both in his conception of the Soviet menace and in his particular brand of socialism.

Several questions addressed to the United States serve as themes for the monologue in which Bevan analyzes Soviet intentions. If the Soviets rely primarily on force, why have they not used it decisively before now, instead of waiting for western strength to grow? Why does the United States place more emphasis on defense than do the nations of Europe, although America has greater physical immunity? What makes the year 1953, as the goal of the western arms drive, so significant—"does it mean that by that time the Western powers will be prepared and determined to present an ultimatum to the Soviet?" Can the United States arm for peace and eventually divert economic resources from the arms program to the purposes of Point Four?

Although Bevan may have meant these as rhetorical questions, Americans may profitably prepare their replies. The questions we can answer will help to explain the differences between present U.S. policy and Bevanism. Those we cannot answer with certainty embody a telling challenge to our policy. And that challenge is important because its emotional appeal extends far beyond the Bevanites.

How Does He Know?

Bevan's argument is empirical. He asserts that the weapons of the Soviet are in the first instance economic, social, and ideological, only secondarily military. How does he know? The sole

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basis for this premise is the hypothesis that the U.S.S.R. would already have struck if it relied primarily upon military action. (In Korea Russia has done nothing "except to keep on helping North Korea.") Russia is letting the West engage in an arms race "which will deepen economic tensions. It is upon the results of these tensions [that the U.S.S.R.] finally relies for success, and only secondarily on her war machine."

In this diagnosis of Russia's intentions, Bevan's position is at odds with that of every other group in Britain except the Communists. In his speeches before the last election, he maintained that Russia had not been an aggressor since 1945, and as evidence of Soviet good faith he cited the single fact that Yugoslavia had not been invaded. Other delegates to the annual conference of the Trades Union Congress in September, 1951, found plenty of bad intent: Russia's refusal to conclude an Austrian treaty, the Berlin situation, the holding of prisoners of war after six years, the creation of the Cominform, Russia's use of the U.N. veto, its standing army, in 1948, of 4 million (excluding the armies of the satellites), and Korea. The moderates in the Labour Party, despite their pacifist heritage, remain convinced of the need to dissuade Russia from aggression by both actual preparedness and diplomacy. Bevan has comforted only the Communists.

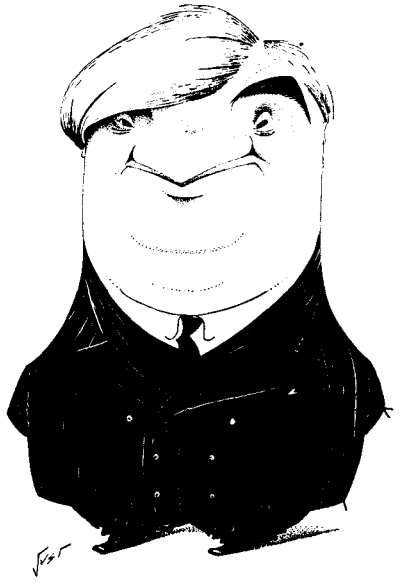
Mr. Marx, Meet Mr. Stalin

How does Bevan's diagnosis differ also from the one generally prevalent in America? Bevan says he received his political training, and so presumably his knowledge of Communism, from Marx. From his self-education in colliery-district libraries he seems to have retained, more than anything else, Marx's idea of continual class tensions in capitalist countries. However, when the State Department sought to explore the sources of the Soviet's international conduct it studied not only Marx but also Lenin and Stalin. From Lenin the Americans learned about the "flexible timetable." From Stalin they learned the myth of "capitalist encirclement." The first suggested that the world revolution to be led by Soviet Russia need not be either immediate or global. It might be accomplished piecemeal and over a long period of time. Even temporary Russian retreat was possible. A series of Koreas which bled western resources while scarcely touching Russia's might be just as effective as all-out war. The U.S. Administration decided that barriers must be presented in the form of potential counterforce wherever the Soviets might strike. This is the principle of negotiating from strength.

At the same time, the State Department observed that the absolute power of the Kremlin depended on the carefully nurtured idea of a hostile outer world which would eventually have to be defeated by show of force. It is because there must eventually be war that the Soviet state is not allowed to "wither away," as Marx said it would.

Bevan fears that arms production will make American industrialists war-oriented. Apparently the same process in a much more extreme form in the Soviet Union does not seem dangerous.

It is not only in his understanding of Communist ideology that Bevan considers himself superior to American policymakers. He also claims better knowledge of what is going on inside Russia. "In the Soviet Union . . . it must be accepted," he says, "that the



vast mass of workers are conscious of emancipation and not of slavery." He admits that the people have no political freedoms, but these cannot be expected to appear until the Soviet citizen's wants "have grown to the point where he is conscious of constriction." Political enfranchisement, he argues, must follow economic power. Why? Because that is the way it happened in post-Industrial Revolution England.

In the autobiographical first chapter of his book, Bevan explains that as a young miner he was greatly absorbed by the two practical questions of where power lay in Britain and how the workers could attain it. He does not seem to have figured out how such a transfer of power could take place in Russia. Apparently he thinks that the development of industry and commerce in eastern Europe gives workers responsibility and enough independence of mind to become dissatisfied. What he does not dwell on is the fact that this dissatisfaction cannot be effectively registered under the present Soviet system. The whole problem is one that the Soviet states have never had to face, for in the place of free elections they have had purges.

'If America Were Smart . . .'

But if Bevan assumes several new roles in this book, that of Pangloss is certainly not one of them. He more than compensates for his complacency toward Russia by a complete distrust of America. He does not say America is evil. It is just that our statesmen have no positive faith, our industrialists are war profiteers, our diplomats unskillful, our civilian policymakers cowed by military experts, and our government rendered incapable of purposeful collective action by the pressure of selfish interests. As a result, the United States is unconcerned with what happens in the rest of the world when it uses up raw materials; Marshall aid does not make up for the sudden ending of Lend-Lease at a time when Britain was most enfeebled. Moreover, Bevan finds America lamentably slow to react to Stalinist Russia's abandonment of its revolutionary goal. He suggests that the fact that Russia can offer the North Koreans tanks but not tractors is proof of its failure as the hope of the impoverished areas of the world.

If America were smart, he says, it would steal Russia's thunder. But American diplomacy is the work not of statesmen but of military experts. Since there is no plan for conversion to economic aid on a grand scale once the peak level of arms production has been reached, the impetus of war production itself will make the American economy prone to aggressive tactics. Even now, the United States is forcing the economies of its allies to a point of strain

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that can only invite inner collapse. That is the Bevan case against the United States.

So long as Bevan stresses the world's susceptibility to Communist germs because of malnutrition, his prescription for economic aid seems a sound cure. Since, however, he does admit that Russia is building a huge war machine and does state baldly that "Russian peace propaganda is a sham," his panacea is suspect. What he urges is that America should fight fire with food. But what good is a full stomach if the body is charred? Why can Bevan smell smoke across the Atlantic but not across the Baltic?

Bevan's Bugbear

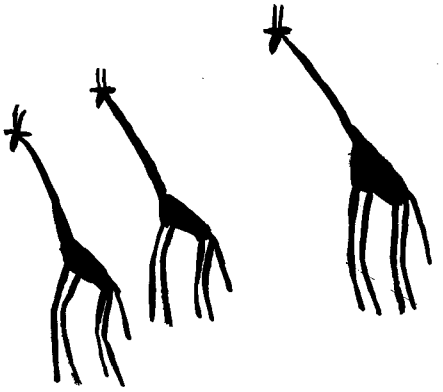
What all this boils down to is Bevan's conviction that the United States is *the* capitalist society incarnate. Here Bevan attempts some table turning against his critics. It is capitalism, rather than "national" socialism, he insists, that militates against soundly based collective action at present. Socialism, he claims, ensures predictability of the behavior of social forces and makes clear the capabilities of each nation in the western alliance.

If one could accept as sincere Bevan's devotion to collective action on an international level, his case would be enormously strengthened. But his concrete proposals in this direction are not to be found in this book. In *One Way Only* he proposed diverting to the Colombo Plan, the Commonwealth's counterpart of Point Four, only one-sixth of the resources that could be freed by cutting British armaments. His principal objective now seems to be for America to channel the funds at present used for arms into economic development throughout the world. Britain, on the other hand, would divert its released resources to developing true socialism by following what he proudly calls his "doctrinaire" principles.

The American quarrel with Bevan is a matter of priorities. When Bevan scores America's failure to implement Point Four and prove that we are for something besides the American Way of Life, he is right. When he urges long-range planning for economic aid after military preparations reach a point of security, he is right again. To deny that would be blindness and selfishness. However, one cannot help feeling that Bevan himself is suffering from class-selfishness and Russia-blindness.

If there is one thing Americans can learn from this book and from Bevan's popularity in Britain, it is that our foreign policy cannot be simply for the United States and against the Soviet Union. Because of America's power and leadership, it must be a policy for the United States *and* the West. And the objects of American diplomacy are Russia *and* the large part of the world that belongs to neither great-power camp. Elementary? Yes, but many Americans do not like the implications. Bevan's real contribution is a rebuttal to that group of American "realists" who oppose what they call "moralistic" foreign policy. For morality remains a factor of power politics.

'Latuko'—The Naked And the Censor



ROBERT L. HATCH

We all know that the forty-eight states differ widely in their understanding of the conditions under which a man may buy a drink, place a bet, marry a wife, or rid himself of one. It should be no surprise, therefore, that the adjoining states of New York and New Jersey disagree on what constitutes an affront to public decency, or that the distributor of a motion picture banned in New York should be able to cart his property through the Holland Tunnel and exhibit it in Newark.

You would not, however, expect the estimable Museum of Natural History to engage in the raffish business of skipping across state lines, for all the world like the promoter of a cockfight. The episode must be an embarrassment to the museum's directors, though experience elsewhere may have encouraged them to evade Albany's bluenoses. Their film "Latuko" has been shown in Los Angeles, Salt Lake City, St. Louis, Memphis, and elsewhere in the country without official objection and, so far as is known, with no deterioration in community morality. But New York City is a sophisticated town, as reconciled, one would suppose, to the facts of life as any spot in the country. It must trouble the museum people to be told that a project they have sponsored is too indecent to be shown to the big-city folk. The incident is a striking example of the contrast between the mind of science and the mind of censorship.

Obscenity by Innuendo

Censors, by trade, are literal-minded. They don't fool around much with implications, so if you are sly enough you can be exceedingly bold. Everyone in show business knows this and, since

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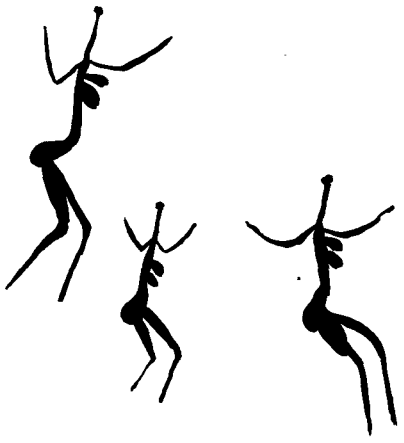


slyness is the soul of obscenity, the censors are responsible, perhaps oftener than they realize, for moments in the theater that more imaginative observers find obnoxious. But the museum is not in show business and it has blundered into a factual breach of the code. The law says you may not appear naked in public; people appear naked in "Latuko"; therefore "Latuko" breaks the law.

It makes no difference that the people shown are entirely indifferent to their nakedness, or that the activities at which they are photographed do not bear even remotely on sexual interests. They are anatomically offensive, so away with them. If the anthropologists responsible for this picture wanted to tell New Yorkers what life is like in one of Africa's most primitive societies, they should first have dressed their subjects in shorts and pinafores. Since it did not occur to the scientists that this was necessary—in any case it would scarcely have appealed to them as honest—let them peddle their wares in New Jersey, a state so lost to virtue that it is not shocked by sight of the human body. New Yorkers, meanwhile, may entertain themselves with one picture advertised as containing the longest kiss on record and with another in which a man rapes his own wife. In both cases, all parties are clothed while within view of the camera.

As a Peep Show, Not So Hot

It is difficult, when you have driven all the way from Manhattan to Newark to see a film that scandalized the Board of Regents, to take your seat without some tickling of ribald expectation. But "Latuko" soon dispels this collegiate giddiness. It must, by the way, be disappointing a good many in the Newsreel Theatre's audience. As always happens in these cases, the picture is doing a sellout business to a public that has optimistically trusted the censors.

The film follows a pattern familiar enough in the field of anthropological documentation. It records, as unobtrusively as possible, the life of a native village over a period of three or four months. A youth is initiated into manhood (he must drink warm blood); the spearmen mass and round up some game; the women gather in the river to drive the fish; the rains are late and the priest engages in appropriate ritual culminating in a community dance; the rains come, and the picture ends, having soberly completed its task of introducing an exceedingly primitive culture to an exceedingly complex one.

It is interesting because it faithfully reports the doings of a relatively unknown people; it is frequently beautiful because the Latuko are a handsome tribe and because they live in an area of equatorial Africa—near the White Nile and with the mountains of Ethiopia blue in the distance—that has the bitter beauty of most arid country. The Technicolor contrast of burnished ebony bodies against a predominantly straw-colored background is superb. But the usual price has been paid for color: The focus is soft and a good many scenes look as though shot through a dirty windshield.

Warriors and Dancers

"Latuko" does not pretend to be an exhaustive study of its subject; in a little more than an hour it can only state a few main facts about the tribe and give some feeling of their life's atmosphere. This it does so well that one's interest is fixed and one's imagination stimulated. Primitive people always seem enviable, mysterious, and, however amiable, frightening to the intruder in a business suit.

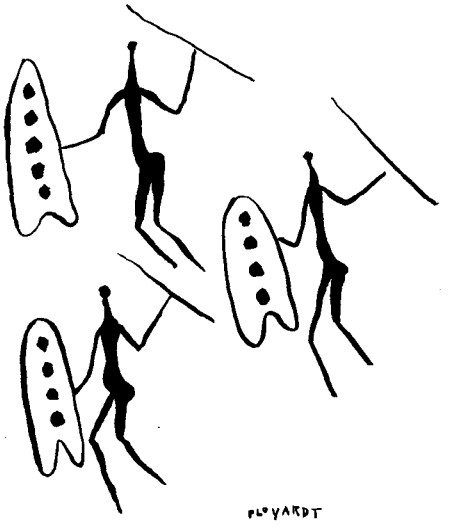
The Latuko are by no means without any culture. They live in settled communities, tend a few goats and cattle, fashion iron spearheads in an ingenious little forge, and carry on sporadic trade with the Arabs to the north. But they are a people with no writing and with almost no art. They have not learned specialization or the division of labor—except as between the men, who are warriors, and the women, who fish and tend the hearth. Therefore, their hunts, as well as their dances, look like random mass activity; there is no timing and no pattern. Rather, the tribesmen express an intense, almost passionate love of group milling about. It is the order of the anthill, which, after all, does get things done.

Talk, Talk, Talk

These Latuko are extravagantly loquacious: A chance meeting in the village results in a long conversation, and before a hunt the urge to chatter about what has happened in the past and what will soon happen again seems compulsive and almost hysterical. According to the narrator, the preliminary remarks contain a good many references to lions, elephants, water buffalo, rhinoceros, and wild boar; but the hunt itself concentrates on smaller and meeker game. Yet it seemed to me that boasting is not the strongest motive in this talk; one feels that these people are haunted by the knowledge that they must preserve their history by dinning their experiences into one another's ears. They could use an alphabet, but that kind of tampering has proved disastrous too often. What they need most is to be left alone.

Apparently they have been left strangely alone. In the crowd I saw a pith helmet and what looked like an old derby decorated with an ostrich feather; some of the jewelry and cloth must come from the Arabs. But the contact seems slight and ineffective in essentials. It also seems extremely old.

The men play a game which they appear to guard as a privilege of masculine superiority (and toward which the



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women show scant patience). It employs a stone or clay board about the shape of a short and broad cricket bat and divided by two rows of shallow round cups. Back and forth from hole to hole the men move small bits of stone and bone; the excitement is intense and the players shove at one another to get their turns. But this performance is eerie because there are no rules to the game, no beginning, no purpose, and no winner. The board looks as though it might have been invented by a mathematical mind in Egypt; it could have come from a patient, philosophical Arab. The Latuko play at it like apes at chess.

The image is apt but insulting. The Latuko are not to be laughed at or patronized. They are obviously alert, healthy, at ease with one another, and on good, if guarded, terms with nature. I would guess them to be a kindly people, though by our standards insensitive. There is one scene at the start of the picture in which two small boys, for reasons of custom, have their lower front teeth ripped from their mouths. The boys scream; their elders grin and applaud the bloody work. To us it is a pitiful and horrendous sight, but I doubt that it means a great deal to the Latuko. They are probably indifferent to pain, forgetful of it. Their customs are certainly rough, but I don't know that you could call them cruel, for that is a characteristic you must define in context.

All in all, the Latuko seem a relaxed, decent, and self-reliant people whom a thoughtful New Yorker could meet with profit. It is too bad that the Museum of Natural History wasn't allowed to bring them into town.

A Summer of Danger On the Western Front

H. W. BLAKELEY

THE DEFENSE OF WESTERN EUROPE, by Drew Middleton. *Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3.50.*

THE SITUATION in Europe will be more explosive than ever this summer, so it is not surprising that Drew Middleton's opinion as to the hope of continued peace is far from encouraging: "At the moment this is written, in January, 1952, my impression after six years of watching the Soviet Union and Russian communism, both inside Russia and from the vantage point of Berlin and western Germany, is that it is . . . probable that there will be a third World War started by the Russians."

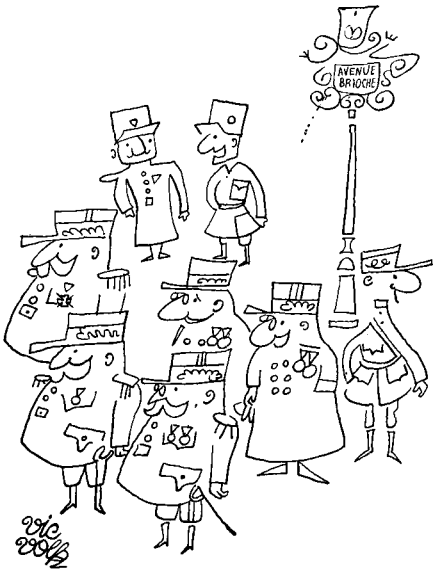
Writing in *The Reporter* nearly a year ago, this reviewer quoted General Alfred Gruenther, SHAPE chief of staff, as saying "We are still not in a position to defend Western Europe," but predicting that within the coming year the NATO forces would reach a condition when "an aggressor would have to stop, look and listen." Looking at the situation as it then existed, I pointed out that the Russian commander in western Europe had three great advantages: He possessed many more ground troops than the Allied commander; the initiative would be his; and he had only one government to satisfy.

Today not only do these conditions still prevail, but there are additional disturbing factors. The United States will be in the midst of a Presidential campaign this summer. The status of the Conservative Government in Great Britain is precarious; the election of a Labour Government less favorable to the sacrifices entailed in building western European defense is possible. Soviet harassments in Berlin have been stepped up, and a tighter "security" belt has been established by the Reds along the West German border; riots in France emphasize the aggressive and disciplined state of the Communist forces in that country. The change of command from Eisenhower to Ridgway inevitably brings, regardless of the capabilities of the individuals concerned, a period during which unity and strength are lowered.

While we may have arrived at the stage where we can make an aggressor "stop, look and listen," as General Gruenther predicted, we are still far from being in a position either on the ground or in the air to assure a successful defense of western Europe. We are entering a dangerous summer.

Again, Umbrellas

Mr. Middleton regards the period of greatest danger as somewhat longer: "If the Russians are impelled by the purely military aspects of the problem, they will attack before 1954; that is, before the immediate penalty for aggression is so great that the cost is prohibitive." Opinions vary, of course, as to whether or not the Russians will avoid war in favor of political methods. Mr. Middleton points out that the



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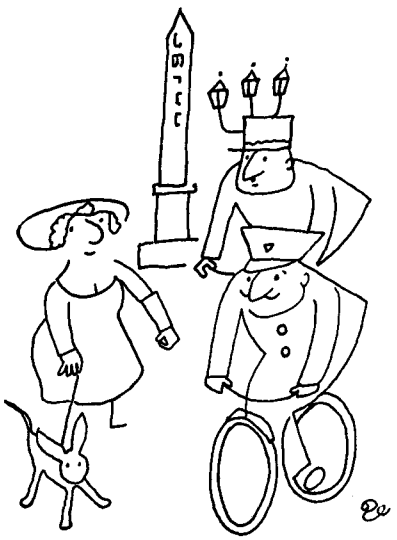
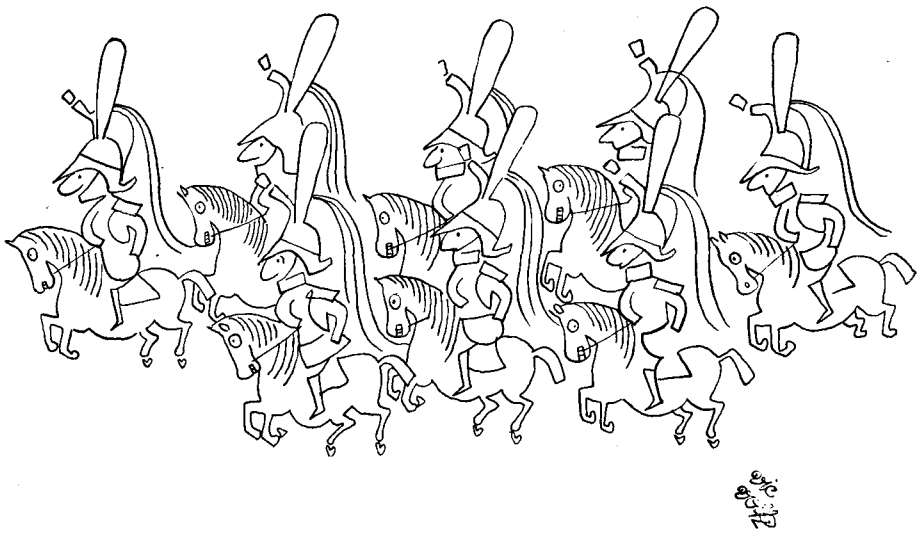
British have never been as apprehensive about the imminence of war as the United States government has been, and expresses the belief that this is due primarily to British acceptance of the optimistic appraisals of their much-respected intelligence services. The shortcomings of complacency are obvious. Marquis Childs recently summed them up rather bitterly: "The umbrella that comfortably shelters the current confusion consists of a broad assumption. That is that Soviet Russia does not want war and, therefore, will not make any move that might make war inevitable. An umbrella, as Munich should have taught us, is not a very stout protection against the realities of war and conquest."

No Hope for Revolt

Mr. Middleton speaks with particular authority in those matters on the fringe of the military situation—sabotage, underground activities, and civilian will to resist—because of his long service in Europe as a correspondent and as head of the New York *Times* European Bureau. He says that he must file a respectful demurrer" to those who think that because of dissatisfaction within Russia and in the satellite countries we can, in event of war, "count on millions of effective allies snapping at Russian communications, assassinating Russian political and military liaison officers, and mounting popular rebellions against Communist rule." The secret police, the appeal of the Communist Party position to the young and unprivileged, the loyalty of a tough, tricky group of





former "have-nots" who have become "haves" under Communism, the destruction of family, school, and church influences, the ban on information from the free world with the resultant lack of awareness of a better way of life—all these factors add up, in Mr. Middleton's opinion, to the conclusion that any belief that an armed underground will burst into action if war comes is dangerous.

The fact that "the training and maneuvering of the Russian armies is observed by many thousand pairs of German eyes owned in the majority by folk who wish the Soviets nothing but evil and who know a good deal about war" is an advantage that is canceled out in summer, when the Soviets customarily move forward to the East German frontier—ostensibly for maneuvers.

Assessing NATO

Mr. Middleton considers carefully the attitudes of the NATO countries in terms of neutralism, Communist strength, anti-Americanism, and just plain apathy. A quoted phrase or two is hardly a fair presentation of his opinions, but may be indicative. The British—"As is their custom, they will fight until they have won or there is no one left." France—"The problem child of the Atlantic alliance." The Germans—"A peculiar people in peculiar circumstances." The Yugoslavs—"I believe the Yugoslavs would fight bravely and resourcefully . . ."

Mr. Middleton was probably startled to discover that on the dust jacket of his book the publishers had expanded his title to "General Dwight D. Eisenhower's Blueprint for the Defense of Western Europe." Actually, the author's summary of the military aspects of the situation, while no "blueprint," is well balanced, comprehensive, and comparatively optimistic, but his optimism is more for the future than for the immediate present. He never forgets the importance of *esprit,* morale, *élan,* will to fight, or whatever you want to call the intangible that is often the decisive factor in war.

In considering the air picture, Mr. Middleton thinks that the Russians are still deficient in "fast maintenance, efficient staff work, and huge reserves of trained technicians and mechanics" —all essential to true air power. He quotes, and agrees with, General Eisenhower that "the Russians are short on good staff officers, planners in the logistical, operations and intelligence fields and that they do not have as many experienced and able corps and divisional commanders as we do in the West."

Mr. Middleton thinks particularly well of the American Seventh Army and of its commander, Lieutenant General Manton S. Eddy—"the kind of soldier and general evidently missed by Messrs. Mailer and Jones." Eddy's rank, incidentally, is that appropriate to a corps commander, although he has commanded an army, presumably successfully, for over a year, and General Ridgway was sent to Europe without promotion to the rank of General of the Army (the American equivalent of field marshal, a rank which his deputy, Montgomery, has held since 1944). America has always been reluctant to give appropriate rank to its military leaders. The unfortunate implication to officers of foreign armed forces, and

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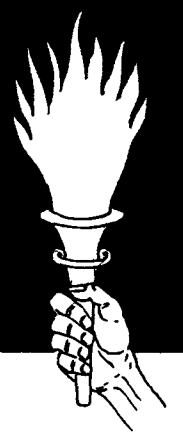
We who are free must light our own way



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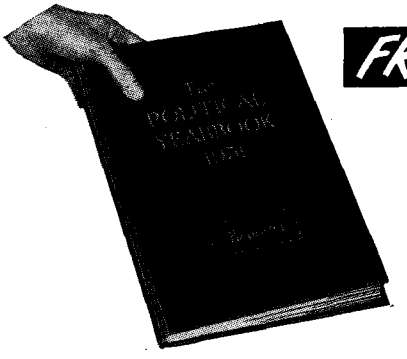

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sometimes to American subordinates, is that the individual is either on trial or unsatisfactory in the performance of his duties.

'The Elbe Line'

Mr. Middleton's discussion of the strategy of the defense of western Europe has some weak spots in it. It is hard to understand how he can ask, "Do we defend Germany on the Elbe or the Oder?" Most of the Elbe and all of the Oder are far in Russian-held territory. Then, too, he ignores the greatest advantage to be obtained by the inclusion of a German force in the NATO armies. That is the potential freeing of American, British, and Canadian units from delaying-action missions in Germany, and making them available to form a mass of maneuver relatively unaffected by the political and emotional influences that inevitably hinder the employment of the troops of the continental nations toward which the Soviet armies would be advancing.

Mr. Middleton sees the French Army as "the heir to a glorious tradition. . . . But to be realistic, one must also remember that this army . . . wavered and broke under the German thrust in 1940 and collapsed into a catastrophe which revealed not only bad morale from top to bottom but a singular inability on the part of the high command to understand that the military world had changed since 1918."

Actually, although the military had changed technically since 1918, the surprising failure of the French high command was that it repeated in the Second World War its First World War violations of the unchanging principles of war. Economy of forces in delaying actions, coupled with the provision of a mass of maneuver which is offensive-minded, capable of rapid maneuver, and firmly controlled by the commander in chief, is an essential of success in defensive operations. These basic requirements were missing in 1940 as in 1914. They cannot be ignored in NATO planning.

And always it must be remembered that the purely defensive phase of any operations in western Europe cannot achieve victory for the NATO nations. As the much-quoted and little-read Clausewitz put it: "A swift and vigorous offensive, the flashing sword of vengeance, is the most brilliant point in the defense."

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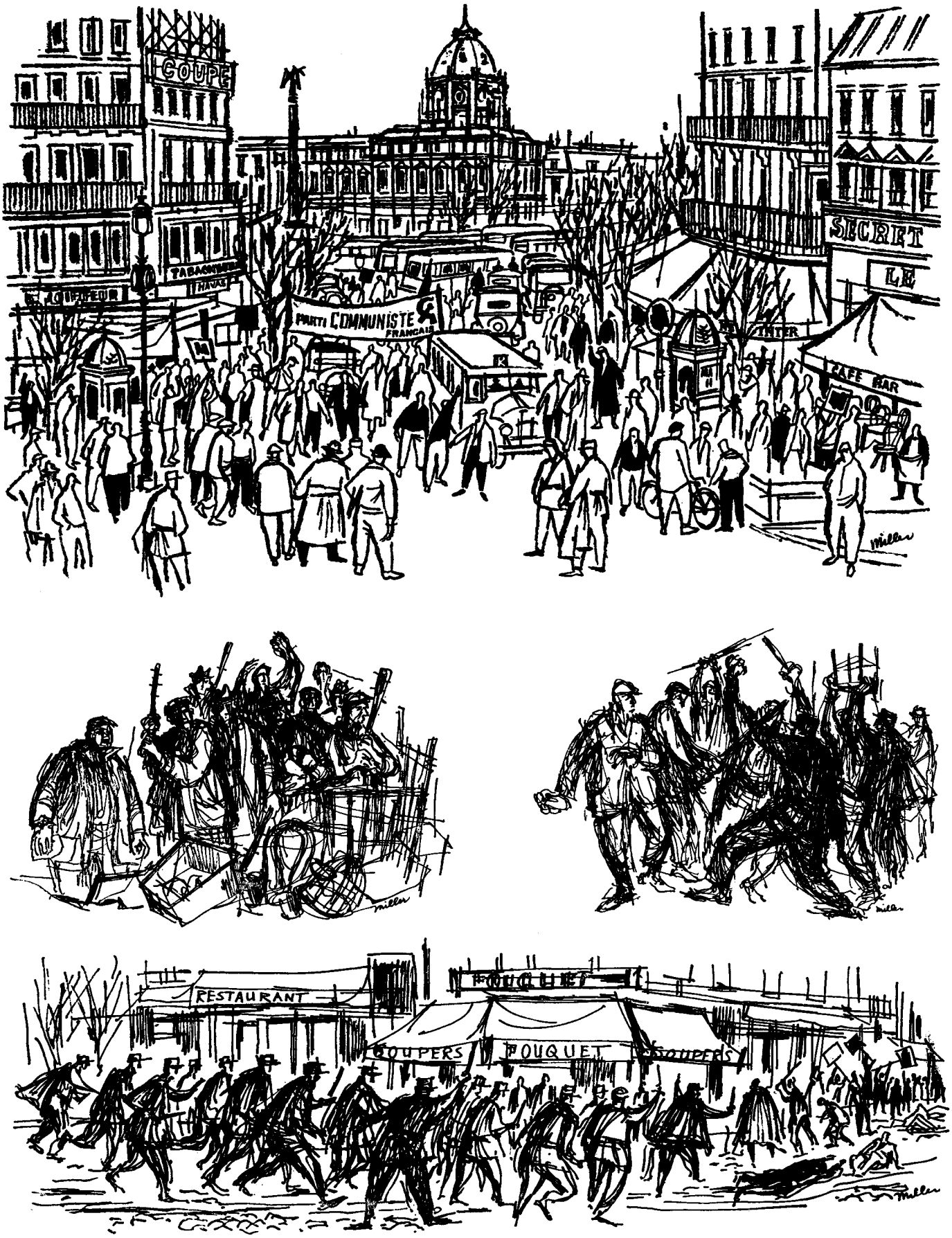

Paris: Russian orders and French blood **(see page 27)**

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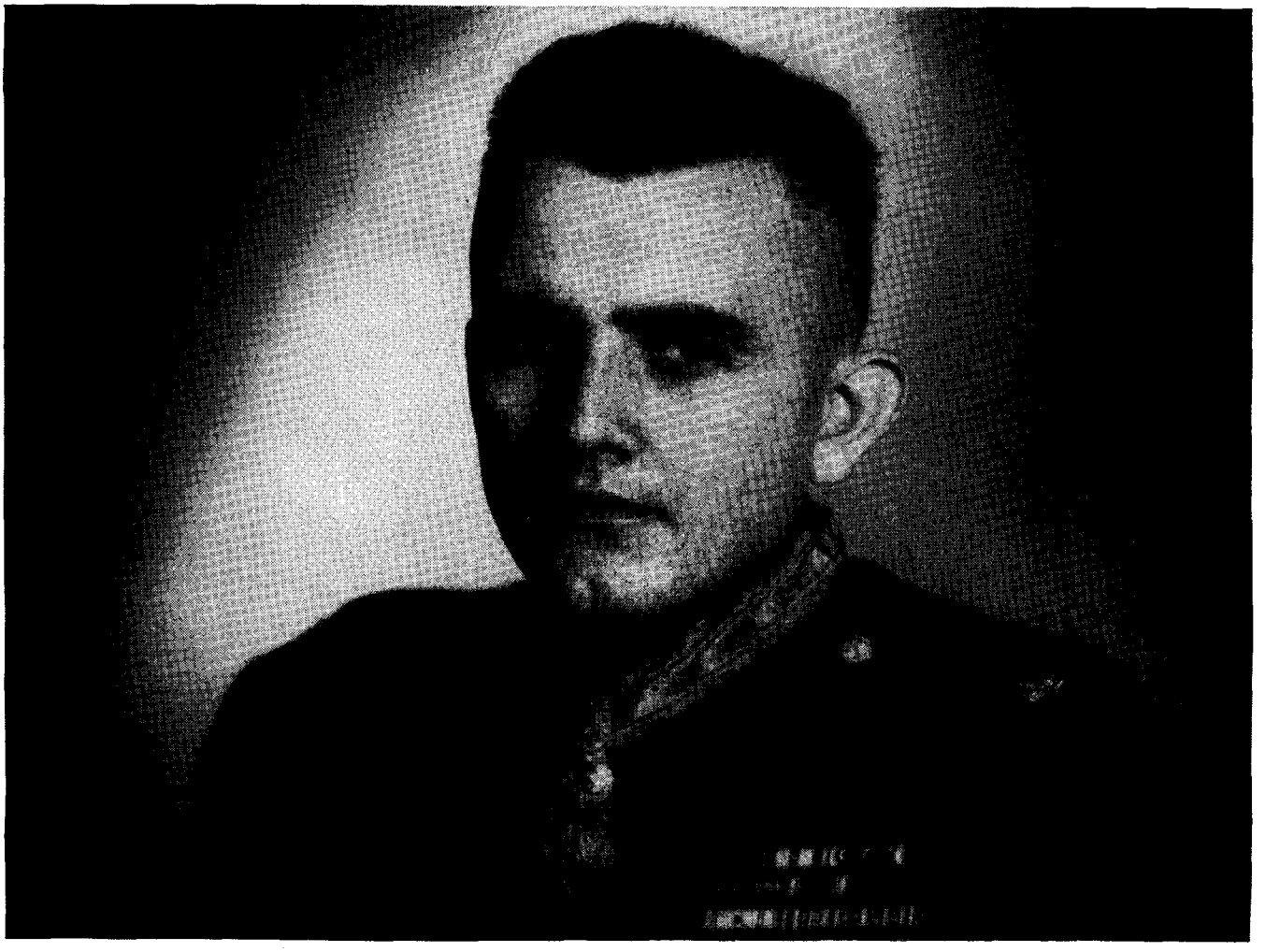
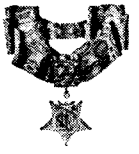


Major Carl L. Sitter, USMC  Medal of Honor

THE HILL WAS STEEP, snow-covered, 600 feet high. Red-held, it cut our lifeline route from Hagan-ri to the sea; it had to be in our hands.

Up its 45-degree face, Major Sitter led his handful of freezing, weary men—a company against a regiment! The hill blazed with enemy fire. Grenade fragments wounded the major's face, chest, and arms. But he continued heading the attack, exposing himself constantly to death, inspiring his men by his personal courage. After 36 furious hours the hill was won, the route to the sea secured. Major Sitter says:

"Fighting the Commies in Korea has taught me one thing—in today's world, *peace is only for the strong!* The men and women of America's armed forces are building that strength right now. But we need your help—and one of the best ways you can help us is by buying United States Defense Bonds.

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